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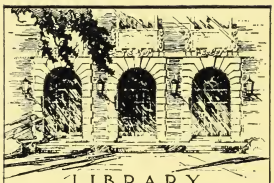

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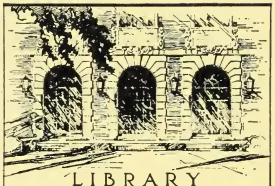

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Nettie J. Hunt.

"I think in the lives of most
women and men
There's a time when all
would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find
out when to come back
And be forgiven!"

Une Italiana.

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VIRGIL

BY THE

REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A

AUTHOR OF "ETONIANA;" "THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS," ETC.

NEW YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

Virgil has always been, for one reason or other, the most popular of all the old classical writers. His poems were a favorite study with his own countrymen, even in his own generation; within fifty years of his death they were admitted to the very questionable honor, which they have retained ever since, of serving as a text-book for schoolboys. The little Romans studied their Æneid, from their master's dictation, as regularly, and probably with quite as much appreciation of its beauties, as the fourth form of an English public school, and wrote "declamations" of some kind upon its heroes. In the middle ages, when Greek literature had become almost a deserted field, and Homer in the original was a sealed book even to those who considered themselves and were considered scholars, Virgil was still the favorite with young and old. The monks in their chronicles, philosophers in their secular studies, enlivened their pages with quotations from the one author with whom no man of letters would venture to confess himself wholly unacquainted. The works of Virgil had passed through above forty editions in Europe before the first printed edition of Homer appeared from the Florence press in 1448. He has been translated, imitated, and parodied in all the chief European languages. The fate of Dido, of Pallas, and of Euryalus has drawn tears from successive generations of which the poet never dreamed.

In the middle ages his fame underwent a singular transformation. From the magic power of song the transition seems incongruous to the coarser material agency of the wizard. But so it was; Virgilius the poet became, in mediæval legends, Virgilius the magician. One of his Eclogues (the Eighth), in which are introduced the magical charms by which it is sought to reclaim a wandering lover, is supposed to have given the first impulse to this superstitious belief. All kinds of marvels were attributed to his agency. It was said that he built at Rome, for the Emperor Augustus, a wondrous tower, in which were set up emblematic figures of all the subject nations which acknowledged the imperial rule, each with a bell in its hand, which rang out whenever war or revolt broke out in that particular province, so that Rome knew at once in what direction to march her legions. In the same building—so the legend ran—he contrived a magic mirror, in which the enemies of the Empire could be seen when they appeared in arms; and another—surely the most terrible agency that was ever imagined in the way of domestic police—in which the guilt of any Roman citizen could be at once seen and detected. A fount of perpetual fire, and salt-springs of medicinal virtue, were said to have been the gifts of the great enchanter to the Roman populace. At Naples the marvels which were attributed to his agency were scarcely less; and even now there is scarcely any useful or ornamental public work of early date, in the neighborhood of that city, which is not in some way connected by vulgar tradition with the name of Virgil. The wondrous powers thus ascribed to him were, according to some legends, conferred upon him by Chiron the learned centaur—by whom the great

Achilles, and the poet's own hero, Æneas, were said to have been educated; by others, with that blending of pagan belief with Christian which is so commonly found in mediæval writers, they were referred to direct communication with the Evil One.*

French scholars have always had the highest appreciation of the Augustan poet, and his popularity in England is to this day as great as ever. Even a practical House of Commons, not always very patient of argument, and notoriously impatient of some prosaic speakers, will listen to a quotation from Virgil—especially when pointed against a political opponent. Those to whom his rolling measure is familiar still quote him and cheer him so enthusiastically, that others listen with more or less appreciation. To the many who have almost forgotten what they once knew of him, his lines awake reminiscences of their youth—which are always pleasant: while even those to whom he is a sound and nothing more, listen as with a

* One story of this kind is perhaps curious enough for insertion. Virgil is said to have been startled one day by a voice calling to him out of a small hole in a cave. It proceeded from an Evil Spirit who had been conjured into that place of confinement, and who undertook to show Virgil certain books of necromancy on condition of his release. The bargain was made, and the condition fulfilled. "He stood before Virgil like a mighty man, whereof Virgil was afraid; and he marvelled greatly that so great a man might come out of so little a hole. Then said Virgil, 'Should ye well pass through the hole that ye came out of?' And he said, 'Yes.' 'I hold the best pledge that I have that ye cannot do it.' The devill said, 'I consent thereto.' And then the devill wrang himself into the little hole again. And when he was in, then Virgil closed him there again, so that he had no power to come out again, but there abideth still."—["Of the Lyfe of Virgilius and his deth, and the many marvayles that he dyd."]

kind of sacred awe. The debates of our reformed Parliament will certainly be duller, if ever Virgil comes to be proscribed as an unknown tongue.

English translators of Virgil have abounded. But the earliest and by no means the least able of those who presented the Roman poet to our northern islanders in their own vernacular was a Scotsman, Bishop Gawain Douglas of Dunkeld, that clerkly son of old Archibald "Bell-the-Cat" whom Scott names in his "Marmion." Few modern readers of Virgil are likely to be proficients in the ancient northern dialect which the bishop used; but those who can appreciate him maintain that there is considerable vigor as well as faithfulness in his version. Thomas Phaer, a Welsh physician, was the next who made the attempt, in the long verses known as Alexandrine, in 1558. A few years later came forth what might fairly be called the comic English version, though undertaken in the most serious earnest by the translator. This was Richard Stanyhurst, an Irishman, a graduate of Oxford and student of Lincoln's Inn. He seems to have been the original prophet of that "pestilent heresy," as Lord Derby calls it, the making of English hexameters; for that was the metre which he chose, and he congratulates himself in his preface upon "having no English writer before him in this kind of poetry." Without going so far as to endorse Lord Derby's severe judgment, it may be confessed that Stanyhurst did his best to justify it. His translation, which he ushered into public with the most profound self-satisfaction, is quite curious enough to account for its reprint by the "Edinburgh Printing Society" in 1836. One of the points upon which he prides himself is the suiting the sound to the sense, which Virgil himself has

done happily enough in some rare passages. So when he has to translate the line,

"Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum"

he does it as follows:

"The townsmen roared, the trump tara-tantara rattled."

When he has to express the Cyclops forging the thunderbolts, it is,

"With peale meale ramping, with thick thwack sturdily thund'ring;"

and very much more of the same kind.

The Earl of Surrey and James Harrington tried their hand at detached portions, and although the quaint conceits which were admired in their day have little charm for the modern reader, there is not wanting, especially in the former, a spirit and vigor in which some of those who came before and after them lamentably failed. The translations by Vicars and Ogilby, about the middle of the seventeenth century, have little claim to be remembered except as the first presentations of the whole Æneid in an English poetical dress. In dull mediocrity they are about equal.

In 1697, Dryden, at the age of sixty-six, finished and published his translation; written, as he pathetically says, "in his declining years, struggling with want, and oppressed with sickness;" yet, whatever be its shortcomings, a confessedly great work, and showing few traces of these unfavorable circumstances. His great renown, and the unquestionable vigor and ability of the versification, insured its popularity at once; and it was considered, by the critics of his own and some succeeding generations, as pre-eminently the English Virgil. Dr. Johnson said of it that "it satisfied his friends and

silenced his enemies." It may still be read with pleasure, but it has grave faults. Independently of its general looseness and diffuseness, in many passages amounting to the vaguest paraphrase, there are too many instances in which, not content with making his author say a good many things which he never did say, he palpably misinterprets him. There are many passages of much vigor and beauty; but even of these it has been said, and not unfairly, by a later translator, Dr. Trapp, that "where you most admire Dryden, you see the least of Virgil." Dryden had the advantage of consulting in manuscript a translation by the Earl of Lauderdale (afterwards published), which has considerable merit, and to which in his preface he confesses obligations "not inconsiderable." They were, in fact, so considerable as this, that besides other hints in the matter of words and phrases, he borrowed nearly four hundred lines in different places, with scarcely an attempt at change.

Dryden was followed by various other translators more or less successful. Pitt and Symmons, the latter especially, might have earned a greater reputation had they preceded instead of followed the great poet whose laurels they plainly challenged by adopting his metre. But the recent admirable translation of the Æneid into the metre of Scott by Mr. Conington will undoubtedly take its place henceforward as by far the most poetical, as it is also the most faithful and scholarly, rendering of the original.

VIRGIL.

THE POET.

Publius Virgilius Maro—such was his full name, though we have abbreviated the sounding Roman appellatives into the curt English form of "Virgil"—lived in the age when the great Roman Empire was culminating to its fall, but as yet showed little symptom of decay. The emperor under whom he was born was that Octavianus Cæsar, nephew of the great Julius, whose title of "Augustus" gave a name to his own times which has since passed into a common term for the golden age of literature in every nation. In the Augustan age of Rome rose and flourished, in rapid succession, a large proportion of those great writers to whose works we have given the name of classics. This brilliant summer-time of literature was owing to various causes—to the increase of cultivation and refinement, to the leisure and quiet which followed after long years of war and civil commotion; but in part also it was owing to the character of the Roman emperor himself. Both Augustus and his intimate friend and counsellor Mæcenas were the professed patrons of letters and of the fine arts. Mæcenas was of the highest patrician blood of Rome. He claimed descent from the old Etruscan kings or Lucumos—those ancient territorial chiefs who ruled Italy while

Rome was yet in her infancy, such as Lars Porsena of Clusium. Clever and accomplished, an able statesman in spite of all his indolence, Mæcenas had immense influence with Augustus. At his splendid palace on the Esquiline Hill—the Holland House of the day—met all the brilliant society of Rome, and his name very soon became a synonym for a liberal patron of art and literature. To be eminent in any branch of these accomplishments was to insure the notice of the minister; and to be a *protégé* of his was an introduction at once, under the happiest auspices, to the emperor himself. Such good fortune occurred to Virgil early in his life.

He was born in the little village of Andes (probably the modern Pietola), near Mantua, and received a liberal education, as is sufficiently evident from the many allusions in his poems. When grown to manhood, he seems to have lived for some years with his father upon his modest family estate. He suffered, like very many of his countrymen—his friend and fellow-poet Horace among the number—from the results of the great civil wars which so long desolated Italy, and which ended in the fall of the Republic at the battle of Philippi. The district near Mantua was assigned and parcelled out among the legionaries who had fought for Antony and young Octavianus against Pompey. Cremona had espoused the cause of the latter, and Mantua, as Virgil himself tells us, suffered for the sins of its neighbor. His little estate was confiscated, amongst others, to reward the veterans who had claims on the gratitude of Octavianus. But through the intercession of some powerful friend who had influence with the young emperor —probably Asinius Pollio, hereafter mentioned, who was prefect of the province—they were soon restored to

him. This obligation Virgil never forgot; and amongst the many of all ranks who poured their flattery into the ears of Augustus (as Octavianus must be henceforth called), perhaps that of the young Mantuan poet, though bestowed with something of a poet's exaggeration, was amongst the most sincere. The first of his Pastorals was written to express his gratitude for the indulgence which had been granted him. If the Cæsar of the day was susceptible of flattery, at least he liked it good of its kind. "Stroke him awkwardly," said Horace, "and he winces like a restive horse." But the verse of the Mantuan poet had the ring of poetry as well as compliment.

These Pastorals (to be more particularly noticed hereafter) were his earliest work, composed, probably, between his twenty-seventh and thirty-fourth year, while he was still living a country life on his newly recovered farm. They seem to have attracted the favorable attention of Mæcenas; and soon, among the brilliant crowd of courtiers, statesmen, artists, poets, and historians who thronged the audience-chamber of the popular minister, might be seen the tall, slouching, somewhat plebeian figure of the young country poet.* He soon became a familiar guest there; but although Augustus himself, half in jest, was said to have spoken of his minister's literary dinners as a "table of parasites," it is certain Virgil never deserved the character. This intimacy with Mæcenas must have led to frequent and prolonged visits to Rome; but his chief residence, after he left his Mantuan estate, seems to have been at Naples. It was

* It has been thought that the friend of whom Horace speaks (Sat. I. 3, 31), under whose somewhat slovenly dress and rustic bearing lay hid so much talent and worth, may have been Virgil.

at the suggestion of this patron that he set about the composition of his poem upon Roman agriculture and stock-breeding—the four books of Georgics. His greatest and best-known work—the Æneid—was begun in obedience to a hint thrown out by a still higher authority, though he seems to have long had the subject in his thoughts, and probably had begun to put it into shape. Augustus had condescended to ask the poet to undertake some grander theme than an imaginary pastoral life or the management of the country farm. The result was the Æneid, modelled upon the two great poems of Homer—in fact, a Roman Iliad and Odyssey combined in one. It was never completely finished, for Virgil, whose health was at no time robust, died before he had put in the finishing touches which his fastidious taste required. It is even said that in his last illness he would have burnt the copy, if his friends would have allowed the sacrifice. It is hardly probable, as a German scholar has ingeniously suggested, that it was because the cruelties of Augustus's later years made him repent of having immortalized a tyrant. He died in his fifty-first year, at Brundusium, where he had landed in the suite of the emperor, whom he had met during a visit to Athens, and who brought him back with him to Italy. He was buried, as was the custom of the Romans, by the side of the public road leading out of Naples to Puteoli; and the tomb still shown to travellers, near Posilippo, as the last resting-place of the poet, may at least mark the real site. He died a comparatively rich man, possessed of a town-house at Rome, near the palace of Mæcenas, with a good library. Living, as he did, in the highest society of the capital, where he was very popular, he never forgot his old friends; and it is pleasant to read that he sent money to his aged parents regularly every year.

So highly was he esteemed by his own cotemporaries, that on one occasion when he visited the theatre, the whole audience is said to have risen in a body and saluted him with the same honors which were paid to Augustus. He preserved to the last his simple manners and somewhat rustic appearance; and it is believed that his character, amongst all the prevalent vices of Rome, remained free from reproach—saving only that with which he was taunted by the libertines of the capital, the reproach of personal purity. It is as much to his honor that Caligula should have ordered all his busts to be banished from the public libraries, as that St. Augustine should have quoted him alone of heathen authors, in his celebrated "Confessions."

THE PASTORALS.

THE earliest written poems of Virgil, as has been said, were his Pastorals. Of these we have ten remaining, sometimes called "Bucolics"—*i.e.*, Songs of the Herdsmen—and sometimes "Eclogues," as being "selections" from a larger number of similar compositions which the poet either never made public, or which at least are lost to us. The actual subjects of these poems are various, but they are usually introduced in the way of imaginary dialogue between Greek shepherds, keeping their flocks and herds at pasture in some imaginary woodland country, which the poet peoples with inhabitants and supplies with scenery at his will; mixing up, as poets only may, the features of his own Italian landscape with those of Sicily, borrowed, with much besides, from the Idylls of Theocritus, and with

reminiscences of the Greek Arcadia. That pastoral faery-land, in which shepherds lay all day under beech-trees, playing on their pipes, either in rivalry for a musical prize or composing monodies on their lost loves, surely never existed in fact, however familiar to us in the language of ancient and modern poets. Such shepherds are as unreal as the satyrs and fauns and dryad-nymphs with whom a fanciful mythology had peopled the same region, and who are not unfrequently introduced by the pastoral poets in the company of their human *dramatis personæ*. The Arcadia of history was a rich and fertile district, well wooded and watered, and as prosaic as one of our own midland counties. Like them, if it had any reputation at all beyond that of being excellent pasture-ground, it was a reputation for dulness. It was celebrated for its breed of asses, and some of the qualities of the animal seem to have been shared by the natives themselves. "A slip of Arcadia" passed into a proverbial nickname for a boy who was the despair of his schoolmaster. The Arcadia of the poets and romance-writers, from classical times down to our own Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney, was, as Mr. Conington says, "the poets' golden land, in which imagination found a refuge from the harsh prosaic life of the present." This literary fancy enjoyed a remarkable popularity from the early days of authorship down to a very recent date. Thyrsis and Amaryllis, Daphnis and Corydon, have had a continued poetical existence of something like fifteen hundred years, and talk very much the same language in the Pastorals of Pope that they did in the Greek Idylls. It is curious, also, that when society itself has been most artificial, this affectation of pastoral simplicity seems to have been most in vogue. It was the effeminate courtiers of Augustus

who lavished their applause and rewards upon Virgil when he read to them these lays of an imaginary shepherd-life; how Galatæa was won by a present of a pair of wood-pigeons or a basket of apples, and how Melibœus thankfully went to supper with his friend Tityrus on roasted chestnuts and goat-milk cheese. Society in England had never less of the reality of pastoral simplicity than in the days when nearly every fine lady chose to be painted with a lamb or a crook—when the "bucolic cant," as Warton contemptuously terms it, was the fashionable folly of the day. So when aristocratic life in France had reached a phase of corruption which was only to be purged by a revolution, Queen Marie Antoinette, with her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, were going about the farm at Trianon with crooks in their hands, playing at shepherds and shepherdesses, on the brink of that terrible volcano.

Of the ten Eclogues, the majority take the form of pastoral dialogue. Frequently it is a singing-match between two rival shepherds—not always conducted in the most amicable fashion, or with the most scrupulous delicacy in the matter of repartee, the poetical "Arcadian" being in this point a pretty faithful copy from nature. Most of the names, as well as of the subjects and imagery, are taken, as has been said, from the Greek Idylls of Theocritus. So closely has Virgil copied his model that he even transplants the natural scenery of Sicily, employed by Theocritus, to his pastoral dreamland, which otherwise would seem to be localized on the banks of the Mincio, in the neighborhood of his native Mantua. This gives him an opportunity of touching upon subjects of the day, and introducing, in the name and guise of shepherds, himself and his friends. Sometimes we can see through the

disguise by the help of contemporary Roman history; more often, probably, the clue is lost to us through our very imperfect modern knowledge. We know pretty well that Tityrus—who in the First Eclogue expresses his gratitude to the "godlike youth" who has preserved his little farm from the ruthless hands of the soldier colonists, while his poor neighbor Melibœus has lost his all—can be no other than the poet himself, who thus compliments his powerful protector. So, too, in a later Eclogue, when the slave Mœris meets his neighbor Lycidas on the road, and tells him how his master has been dispossessed of his farm by the military colonists, and has narrowly escaped with his life, we may safely trust the traditional explanation, that in the master Menalcas we have Virgil again, troubled a second time by these intruders, and compelled to renew his application to his great friend at Rome. The traditional story was, that the poet was obliged to take refuge from the violence of the soldiers in the shop of a charcoal-burner, who let him out at a back-door, and eventually had to throw himself into the river Mincio to escape their pursuit. Lycidas, in the Pastoral, is surprised to hear of his neighbor's new trouble.

"LYC.—I surely heard, that all from where yon hills
Begin to rise, and gently slope again
Down to the stream, where the old beech-trees throw
Their ragged time-worn tops against the sky,*
Your poet-master had redeemed by song.

MŒR.—You heard, no doubt—and so the story went;
But song, good Lycidas, avails as much,

* It is not difficult to believe that in the old time-worn beeches overhanging the stream we have the actual landscape of the poet's farm.

When swords are drawn, as might the trembling dove
When on Dodona swoops the eagle down.

Nay—had I not been warned of woes to come—
Warned by a raven's croak on my left hand
From out the hollow oak—why then, my friend,
You had lost your Mœris and his master too."

Honest Lycidas expresses his horror at the narrow escape of the neighborhood from such a catastrophe. What should they all have done for a poet, if they had lost Menalcas? who could compose such songs—and who could sing them? And he breaks out himself into fragmentary reminiscences which he has picked up by ear from his friend. Then Mœris too—who, being a poet's farm-servant, has caught a little of the inspiration—repeats a few lines of his master's. "As you hope for any blessings," says Lycidas, "let me hear the rest of it."

"So may your bees avoid the poisonous yew—
So may your cows bring full-swoln udders home—
If canst remember aught, begin at once. I too,
I am a poet, by the Muses' grace: some songs
I have, mine own composing; and the swains
Call me their bard—but I were weak to heed them.
I cannot vie with masters of the art
Like Varius or like Cinna; my poor Muse
Is but a goose among the tuneful swans."

Mœris can remember a scrap or two of his master's verses. There was one in particular, which Lycidas had heard him singing one moonlight night, and would much like to hear again—"I can remember the tune myself," he says, "but I have forgotten the words." Mœris will try. The compliment to Augustus with which the strain begins sufficiently marks the real poet who here figures as Menalcas.

"Why, Daphnis, why dost watch the constellations
Of the old order, now the new is born?
Lo! a new star comes forth to glad the nations,
Star of the Cæsars, filling full the corn."*

But Mœris cannot remember much more. They must both wait, he says, until his master comes home again. So the pair walk on together towards Rome, cheating the long journey with singing as they go; and thus closes this pretty pastoral dialogue, the graceful ease of which, with its subdued comedy, it would be impossible for any translator to render adequately.

Another of these Eclogues relates the capture of Silenus, one of the old rural deities of very jovial reputation, by two young shepherds, while he lay sleeping off the effect of yesterday's debauch. He is commonly represented—and he was rather a favorite subject with ancient artists—as a corpulent bald-headed old man, riding upon an ass, in a state of evident inebriety, carrying a capacious leather wine-bottle, and led and followed by a company of Nymphs and Bacchanals. He had the reputation, like the sea-god Proteus, of knowing the mysteries of nature and the secrets of the future; and there was a current story, upon which this Pastoral is founded, of his having been caught while asleep, like him, by some shepherds in Phrygia, and carried to King Midas, to whom, as the price of his release, he answered all questions in natural philosophy and ancient history—just as Proteus

* Probably the comet which appeared after Julius Cæsar's death, and which the poet takes to announce a new era of peace and happiness for Rome. The English reader may remember that a new star was said to have appeared at the accession of Charles II., from which equally happy auguries were drawn—and were equally disappointed.

unfolded to Menelaus, under similar compulsion, the secret of his future fate.

The Pastoral into which Virgil introduces this story is addressed to his friend Varus—a man evidently of high rank—and seems meant as an apology for not complying with his request to write a poem on his exploits.

"I thought to sing how heroes fought and bled,
But that Apollo pinched my ear, and said—
'Shepherds, friend Tityrus, I would have you know,
Feed their sheep high, and keep their verses low.'"

Then he goes on to tell his story:

"Two shepherd-youths, the story runs, one day
Came on the cave where old Silenus lay;
Filled to the skin, as was his wont to be,
With last night's wine, and sound asleep was he;
The garland from his head had fallen aside,
And his round bottle hanging near they spied.
Now was their time—both had been cheated long
By the sly god with promise of a song;
They tied him fast—fit bonds his garland made—
And lo! a fair accomplice comes to aid:
Loveliest of Naiad-nymphs, and merriest too,
Æglè* did what they scarce had dared to do;
Just as the god unclosed his sleepy eyes,
She daubed his face with blood of mulberries.
He saw their joke, and laughed—'Now loose me, lad!
Enough—you've caught me—tying is too bad.
A song you want?—Here goes. For Æglè, mind,
I warrant me I'll pay her out in kind.
So he began. The listening Fauns drew near,
The beasts beat time, the stout oaks danced to hear.
So joys Parnassus when Apollo sings—
So through the dancing hills the lyre of Orpheus rings."

Silenus's strain is a poetical lecture on natural philosophy. He is as didactic in his waking soberness as

* *Anglicè*, "Bright-eyes."

some of his disciples are in their cups. He describes how the world sprang from the four original elements, and narrates the old fables of the cosmogonists—the Deluge of Deucalion, the new race of men who sprang from the stones which he and Pyrrha cast behind them, the golden reign of Saturn, the theft of fire by Prometheus, and a long series of other legends, with which he charms his listeners until the falling shadows warn them to count their flocks, and the evening-star comes out, as the poet phrases it, "over the unwilling heights of Olympus"—loath yet to lose the fascinating strain.

Besides this Pastoral addressed to Varus, there are three inscribed to other friends: one to Cornelius Gallus, and two to Caius Asinius Pollio, who was among the most eminent men of his day alike as a statesman, an orator, and a man of letters, and at that time held the high office of consul at Rome. He had been the friend of the great Julius, as he was afterwards of his nephew Octavianus (Augustus), and was probably the person who preserved or restored to the poet his country estate. The fourth in order of these poems, commonly known as the "Pollio," is the most celebrated of the whole series, and has given rise to a great amount of speculation. Its exact date is known from the record of Pollio's consulship—40 before the Christian era. Its subject is the expected birth of a Child, in whom the golden age of innocence and happiness should be restored, and who was to be the moral regenerator of the world. The date of the poem itself, approaching so closely the great Birth at Bethlehem—the reference to the prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl, long supposed to be a voice from heathendom predictive of the Jewish Messiah—and the remarkable coincidence of the metaphorical terms employed by

the poet with the prophetical language of the Old Testament, have led many to the pious belief that the Roman poet did but put into shape those vague expectations of a Great Deliverer which were current in his day, and which were to have a higher fulfilment than he knew. The "Pollio" may be familiar to many English readers who are unacquainted with the original through Pope's fine imitation of it in his poem of "The Messiah," first published anonymously in the "Spectator." * But as the Latin Eclogue itself is short, it may be well to attempt a translation of it here, before remarking further upon its meaning.

"Muses of Sicily, lift me for once
To higher flight; our humble tamarisk groves
Delight not all; and though the fields and woods
Still bound my song, give me the skill to make
Fit music for a Roman consul's ear.
"Comes the Last Age, of which the Sibyl sang—
A new-born cycle of the rolling years;
Justice returns to earth, the rule returns
Of good King Saturn;—lo! from the high heavens
Comes a new seed of men. Lucina chaste,
Speed the fair infant's birth, with whom shall end
Our age of iron, and the golden prime
Of earth return; thine own Apollo's reign
In him begins anew. This glorious age
Inaugurates, O Pollio, with thee;
Thy consulship shall date the happy months;
Under thine auspices the Child shall purge
Our guilt-stains out, and free the land from dread.
He with the gods and heroes like the gods
Shall hold familiar converse, and shall rule
With his great father's spirit the peaceful world.
For thee, O Child, the earth untilled shall pour
Her early gifts,—the winding ivy's wreath,
Smiling acanthus, and all flowers that blow.

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* No. 378.

She-goats undriven shall bring full udders home,
The herds no longer fear the lion's spring;
The ground beneath shall cradle thee in flowers,
The venomed snake shall die, the poisonous herb
Perish from out thy path, and leave the almond there.

"But when with growing years the Child shall learn
The old heroic glories of his race,
And know what Honor means: then shall the plains
Glow with the yellow harvest silently,
The grape hang blushing from the tangled brier,
And the rough oak drip honey like a dew.
Yet shall some evil leaven of the old strain
Lurk still unpurged; still men shall tempt the deep
With restless oar, gird cities with new walls,
And cleave the soil with ploughshares; yet again
Another Argo bear her hero-crew,
Another Tiphys steer: still wars shall be,
A new Achilles for a second Troy.

"So, when the years shall seal thy manhood's strength,
The busy merchant shall forsake the seas—
Barter there shall not need; the soil shall bear
For all men's use all products of all climes.
The glebe shall need no harrow, nor the vine
The searching knife, the oxen bear no yoke;
The wool no longer shall be schooled to lie,
Dyed in false hues; but, coloring as he feeds,
The ram himself in the rich pasture lands
Shall wear a fleece now purple and now gold,
And the lambs grow in scarlet. So the Fates
Who know not change have bid their spindles run,
And weave for this blest age the web of doom.

"Come, claim thine honors, for the time draws nigh,
Babe of immortal race, the wondrous seed of Jove!
Lo, at thy coming how the starry spheres
Are moved to trembling, and the earth below,
And widespread seas, and the blue vault of heaven!
How all things joy to greet the rising Age!
If but my span of life be stretched to see
Thy birth, and breath remain to sing thy praise,
Not Thracian Orpheus should o'ermatch my strain,
Nor Linus,—though each parent helped the son,
Phœbus Apollo and the Muse of Song:

Though in Arcadia Pan my rival stood,
His own Arcadia should pronounce for me.
How soon, fair infant, shall thy first smile greet
Thy happy mother, when the slow months crown
The heart-sick hopes that waited for thy birth?
Smile then, O Babe! so shall she smile on thee;
The child on whom no parent's smile hath beamed.
No god shall entertain, nor goddess love."

It would be out of place here to discuss the various conjectures of the learned as to who the Child was, to whose birth the poet thus looks forward. Whether it was a son of the Consul Pollio himself, who died in his infancy; or the expected offspring of Augustus's marriage with Scribonia, which was, after all, a daughter—Julia—whose profligate life and unhappy death were a sad contradiction of Virgil's anticipations; or a child of Octavia, sister of Augustus;—which of these it was, or whether it was any one of them, neither ancient nor modern commentators have been able to decide. "It is not certain," says Mr. Conington, "that the child ever was born; it is certain that, if born, he did not become the regenerator of his time." It is possible, too, that the whole form of the poem may be strictly imaginary—that the child had been born already, long ago, and that it was no other than Octavianus Cæsar—and that Virgil does but use here the license of poetry to express his hopes of a golden age that might follow the peace of Brundusium. And as to how far this very remarkable poem may or may not be regarded as one of what Archbishop Trench has called "the unconscious prophecies of heathendom," would be to open a field of inquiry of the highest interest indeed, but far too wide for these pages. Yet it cannot be entirely passed over.

The Sibylline oracles, to which Virgil alludes in his

opening lines, whatever their original form, were so garbled and interpolated, both in Christian and pre-Christian times, that it is impossible now to know what they did or did not contain. But they were recognized, in the early Church—by the Emperor Constantine, who is said to have attributed his own conversion in great part to their study, and by St. Augustine, amongst others—as containing distinct prophecies of the Messiah. The recognition of the Roman Sibyl or Sibyls as bearing their testimony to the truth of Christianity is still familiar to us in the ancient hymn, "Dies Iræ,"—so often translated—

"Teste David cum Sibylla;"

and in an old Latin mystery-play of the eleventh century, when the witnesses are summoned to give evidence as to the Nativity, there appear among them, in company with the Hebrew prophets, Virgil and the Sibyl, who both join in a general "*Benedicamus Domino*" at the end. St. Augustine quotes twenty-seven Latin verses (which, however, seem very fragmentary and unconnected) as actual utterances of the Sibyl of Erythræ, which contain prophecies, more or less clear, of the great Advent. The original, he says, was in Greek, and the initial letters of each verse formed a sentence, "Jesus Christ the Son of God the Saviour." * Whatever truth there may be in any special predictions of this nature as existing in the heathen world, it is at least certain that there prevailed very largely, about the date of the Christian era,

* ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΕΙΣΤΟΣ ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡ· He also quotes other "Sibylline" verses from the Greek of Lactantius, referring to the crucifixion.—De Civ. Dei, xviii. 23.

a vague expectation of some personal advent which should in some way regenerate society.

The new "cycle of centuries," which the poet supposes to begin with the birth of the Child, refers to the doctrine held by Plato and his disciples (possibly of Etruscan origin) of an "Annus Magnus," or Great Year. It was believed that there were certain recurring periods at long intervals, in which the history of the world repeated itself.* A curious story in illustration of this belief is told by Plutarch in his life of Sulla.

"While the horizon was clear and cloudless, there was heard suddenly the sound of a trumpet, shrill, prolonged, and as it were wailing, so that all men were startled and awed by its loudness. The Etruscan soothsayers declared that it foreboded the coming of a new generation and the revolution of the world. For that there were eight generations of man in all, differing from each other in habits and ways of life, and each had its allotted space of time, when heaven brought round again the recurrence of the Great Year, and that when the end of one and the rise of another was at hand, some wondrous sign appeared in earth or heaven."—PLUTARCH, Sulla, c. 7.

Enough has perhaps been said to give some idea of the genius and character of Virgil's pastoral poetry. It laid the foundation of a taste which was long prevalent in European literature, but which may be said to have now become obsolete. English poets were at one time strongly imbued with it. Spenser, Milton, Drayton, Pope, and Ambrose Phillips,—the last perhaps the most successful,—were all more or less imitators of Virgil in this line of poetry. But it would seem to require a more than ordinary revolution in literature ever to bring such a style into popularity again.

* The duration is variously estimated—from 2489 to 18,000 years. See Conington's note.

THE GEORGICS.

The Georgics of Virgil, like his Pastorals, are a direct and confessed imitation from Greek originals. The poem of Hesiod—"Works and Days"—which has come down to us, though apparently in an incomplete form, gives a mythological sketch of the early history of the world, with its five ages of the human race—the gold, the silver, the brazen, "the age of heroes," and the present—which last, with the cynicism or melancholy which seems so inseparable from the poetic temperament, Hesiod looks upon as hopelessly degenerate, with the prospect of something even worse to come. To this traditional cosmogony the Greek poet adds directions as to farm operations in their several seasons, and notes of lucky and unlucky days. Virgil has borrowed from him largely on these two latter subjects. He is also considerably indebted to other Greek writers less known to us, and in whose case, therefore, his obligations are not so readily traced.

From his own countryman and immediate predecessor, Lucretius, the author of the great didactic poem "On the Nature of Things," he drew quite as largely, but in another field. Virgil is said to have been born on the very day of Lucretius's death, and he had an intense admiration for both his diction and his philosophy. There are passages in Virgil's writings which would seem to show that his greatest ambition would have been to have sung, like Lucretius, of the secrets of nature, rather than either of heroic legends or of country life. And here and there, throughout these books of Georgics, wherever he has the opportunity,

he forgets the farmer in the natural philosopher, and breaks off in the midst of some practical precepts to indulge in speculations on the hidden causes of nature's operations, which would have sorely puzzled a Roman country gentleman or his bailiff, if we could suppose that the work was really composed with a view to their practical instruction.

He addresses his poem to his noble patron Mæcenas. And amongst the long list of divine powers whom, as the guardians of fields and flocks, he invokes to aid his song, he introduces the present Autocrat of Rome.

"Thou, Cæsar, chief, where'er thy choice ordain,
To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign—
Wilt thou o'er cities stretch thy guardian sway,
While earth and all her realms thy nod obey?
The world's vast orb shall own thy genial power,
Giver of fruits, fair sun, and favoring shower;
Before thy altar grateful nations bow,
And with maternal myrtle wreathe thy brow.
O'er boundless ocean shall thy power prevail,
Thee her sole lord the world of waters hail?
Rule, where the sea remotest Thule laves,
While Tethys dowers thy bride with all her waves?
Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise,
And, a new star, illume thy native skies?
Scorpius, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,
And more than half his heaven to thee resigns.
Where'er thy reign (for not if hell invite
To wield the sceptre of eternal night,
Ne'er would such lust of dire dominion move
Thee, Cæsar, to resign the realm of Jove:
Though vaunting Greece extol th' Elysian plain,
Whence weeping Ceres wooes her child in vain)
Breathe favoring gales, my course propitious guide,
O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside;
Now, now invoked, assert thy heavenly birth,
And learn to hear our prayers, a god on earth."

—SOTHEBY.

The first book is devoted to the raising of corn crops. The farmer is recommended to plough early, to plough deep, and to plough four times over—advice in the principles of which modern farmers would cordially agree. The poet also recommends fallows at least every other season, and not to take two corn crops in successive years. The Roman agriculturist had his pests of the farm, and complained of them as loudly as his modern fellows. The geese, and the cranes, and the mice, and the small birds, vexed him all in turn; and if he knew nothing of that distinctly English torment, the couch-grass,—squitch, twitch, or quitch, as it is variously termed, which is said to spring up under the national footstep wherever it goes, whether at the Cape or in Australia,—he had indigenous weeds of his own which gave him equal trouble to get rid of. The Roman plough seems to have been a cumbrous wooden instrument, which would break the heart alike of man and horse in these days; and its very elaborate description, in spite of the polished language of the poet, would shock one of our modern implement-manufacturers. He gives a few hints as to lucky and unlucky days, and fuller directions for prognosticating the weather from the various signs to be observed in the sky, and in the behavior of the animal world; and he closes this first division of his poem, as he began it, with an apostrophe to Cæsar as the hope of Rome and Italy. It is one of the finest passages in the Georgics, and will bear translation as well as most. Dryden's version is spirited enough, and though diffuse, presents the sense fairly to an English ear:

> "Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
> Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
> Goddess unmoved! whose guardian arms extend
> O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers defend;

With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood already spilt atone
For the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudged thee, Cæsar, to the world below;
Where fraud and rapine right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from every part resound,
And monstrous crimes in every shape are crowned.
The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest:
The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
The crooked scythes are straightened into swords:
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighboring cities range on several sides,
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers, starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer."

The Second Georgic treats of the orchard and the vineyard, but especially of the latter. The apple, the pear, the olive, all receive due notice from the poet; but upon the culture of the vine he dwells with a hearty enthusiasm, and his precepts have a more practical air than those which he gives out upon other branches of cultivation. The soil, the site, the best kinds to choose, the different modes of propagation, are all discussed with considerable minuteness. It would seem that in those earlier times, as now, the vintage had a more poetical aspect than even the harvest-field. The beauty of the crop, the merriment of the gatherers, the genial effects of the grape when it has gone through the usual process of conversion, gave, as is still the case in all wine-producing countries,

a holiday character to the whole course of cultivation. All other important crops contribute in some way to supply the actual needs of life: the vine alone represents distinctly its enjoyments. And when, at the beginning of the book, the poet invokes the god of wine to inspire his song, he does it with a thorough heartiness of welcome which assures us that, however temperate his own habits might be, he had not adopted any vow of total abstinence. Some of the ancient critics are said to have detected in Homer a taste for joviality, because in his verse he had always a kindly word for "the dark red wine:" they might have said the same of the writer of the Georgics. It is a cordial invitation which he gives to the jolly god:

> "Come, Father Bacchus, come! thy bounty fills
> All things around; for thee the autumn hills,
> Heavy with fruit, blush through their greenery;
> In the full vats the vintage foams for thee:
> Come, Father Bacchus, come! nor yet refuse
> To doff thy buskins, and with noble juice
> To stain thy limbs, and tread the grapes with me."

But although the poet makes the labors of the gardener and the vine-dresser the burden of his song, his most brilliant passages, and those best known and remembered, are the frequent digressions in which he breaks away from the lower ground of horticultural details into a higher poetical atmosphere. One of the most beautiful is his apostrophe to Italy in this second book:

> "Colchian bulls with fiery nostrils never turned Italian field,
> Seed of hydra's teeth ne'er sprang in bristling crop of spear and shield;
> But thy slopes with heavy corn-stalks and the Massic vine are clad,
> There the olive-groves are greenest, and the full-fed herds are glad.

In thy plains is bred the war-horse, tossing high its crest of pride;
Milk-white herds, O fair Clitumnus, bathe them in thy sacred tide—
Mighty bulls to crown the altars, or to draw the conqueror's car
Up the Sacred Way in triumph when he rideth from the war.
Here the spring is longest, summer borrows months beyond her own;
Twice the teeming flocks are fruitful, twice the laden orchards groan.
In thy plains no tigers wander, nor the lions nurse their young;
Evil root of treacherous poison doth no wretched gatherer wrong,
Never serpent rears its crest, or drags its monstrous coils along.
Lo! where rise thy noble cities, giant works of men of old,
Towns on beetling crags piled heavenward by the hands of builders bold—
Antique towers round whose foundations still the grand old rivers glide,
And the double sea that girds thee like a fence on either side.

. . . . . .

Such the land which sent to battle Marsian footmen stout and good,
Sabine youth, and Volscian spearmen, and Liguria's hardy brood;
Hence have sprung our Decii, Marii, mighty names which all men bless,
Great Camillus, kinsmen Scipios, sternest men in battle's press!
Hence hast thou too sprung, great Cæsar, whom the farthest East doth fear,
So that Mede nor swarthy Indian to our Roman lines come near!
Hail, thou fair and fruitful mother, land of ancient Saturn, hail!
Rich in crops and rich in heroes! thus I dare to wake the tale
Of thine ancient laud and honor, opening founts that slumbered long,
Rolling through our Roman towns the echoes of old Hesiod's song." *

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* This fine passage—much of the beauty of which is necessarily lost in this attempt at a translation—has been often imitated,

The Third Georgic treats of the herd and the stud. The poet's knowledge on these points must be strongly suspected of being but second-hand—rather the result of having studied some of the Roman "Books of the Farm," than the experience of a practical stock-breeder. Such a work was Varro's "On Rural Affairs," which Virgil evidently followed as an authority. From that source he drew, amongst other precepts, the points of a good cow, which he lays down in this formula:

> "An ugly head, a well-fleshed neck,
> Deep dewlaps falling from the chin,
> Long in the flank, broad in the foot,
> Rough hairy ears, and horns bent in."

Such an animal would hardly win a prize from our modern judges of stock. But Virgil, be it remembered, is giving instructions for selection with an eye to breeding purposes exclusively; and an Italian cow of the present day would not be considered by us a handsome animal. Besides, the object of the Roman breeder was to obtain animals which would be "strong to labor," —good beasts under the yoke; not such as would lay on the greatest weight of flesh at the least possible cost, for the purposes of the butcher. His points of a good horse are entirely different, and approach more nearly our own ideal—"Fine in the head, short in the barrel, broad on the back, full in the chest." Bay and dapple-gray he chooses for color; white and chestnut he considers the worst. He had not reached the more catholic philosophy of the modern horse-dealer, that "no good horse was ever yet of a bad color."

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not least successfully by Thomson, in the eulogy upon his native island with which he begins the fifth book of his poem on "Liberty."

The nature of the subject in this Third Georgic allows the poet to indulge even more frequently in digressions. He gives a picture of pastoral life under the hot suns of Numidia, where the herdsman or shepherd drives his charge from pasture to pasture, carrying with him all he wants, like a Roman soldier in a campaign; and again of his winter life in some vague northern region which he calls by the general name of Scythia, but where they seem to have drunk (in imitation of wine, as the southern poet compassionately phrases it) some kind of beer or cider. But the most remarkable of these passages is that which closes the book, and describes the ravages of some terrible pestilence which, beginning with the flocks and herds, extended at last to the wild beasts and to the birds, and even to the fish. There is no historical account of such a visitation in Italy; and it is very probable that Virgil used his license as a poet to embellish with imaginary details some ordinary epidemic, in order to present to his readers a companion picture to that of the great plague at Athens, which had been so powerfully described by his favorite model Lucretius.

There is no need to say very much about the Fourth and last of the Georgics, which treats exclusively of bees. These little creatures were evidently of more importance in the rural economy of the Romans than they commonly are in ours. Before the discovery of the sugar-cane, the sweetening properties of honey would be much more valuable than they are now; and the inhabitants of a warm climate like Italy make more use of saccharine matter, as an article of ordinary food, than we do. But the habits and natural history of the insect commonwealth to which Virgil devotes this book are so curious and so little understood, that they would only

find an appropriate place in a special treatise. There appears to have been no want of interest or research upon the subject among the ancients, for the Greek philosopher Aristomachus is said to have devoted fifty-eight years to this single branch of zoology. Virgil certainly would not help us much in a scientific point of view. The bees were mysteries to him, even more than to us; and, marvellous as they are, he made them more marvellous still. He was quite aware that they had some peculiarities in the matter of sex; but he makes the queen bee, who is really the mother of the swarm, a king, and imagines that they pick up their young ones from the leaves and flowers. He gives also —and with an air of as much practical reality as can be expected from a poet—minute instructions for obtaining a stock of bees at once from the carcass of a steer, beaten and crushed into a mass, and excluded from air: evidently a misapplication of what is said to be a fact in natural history, that bees will take up their quarters occasionally in the dead body of an animal. The honey he considers to be some kind of dew that falls from heaven. One rule which he gives for preventing the young swarms from rising at undue times has staggered some inexperienced commentators. He advises the owner to pick out the queen bees, and clip their wings. Such a recipe certainly suggests at first sight the old preliminary caution—"First *catch* your bee:" but an experienced bee-keeper will find no difficulty in performing such an operation, if needful.*

The fine episode with which this book concludes, in

* When we find, in a modern manual, even directions "How to tame vicious bees," it is hard to say what a master of bee-craft can *not* do. —See Mr. Pettigrew's clever and amusing "Handy Book."

which the poet relates the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, is more attractive than all his discourse upon bee-keeping.

The Georgics have generally been considered as the poet's most complete work, and it is here, undoubtedly, that he shows us most of himself,—of his habits, his tastes, and his religious opinions. They are poetical essays on the dignity of labor. Warlike glory was the popular theme of the day; but Virgil detests war, and he seeks to enthrone labor in its place. He looks upon tillage as, in some sort, a war in itself, but of a nobler kind—"a holy war of men against the earth," as a French writer expresses it.* He compares its details, in more than one passage, with those of the camp and of the battle-field. But besides this, the Georgics contain what seems to be a protest against the fashionable atheism of his age. He sets the worship of the gods in the first place of all.

"First, pay all reverence to the Powers of heaven"—

is his instruction to his pupils—"From Jove all things begin." His motto might have been that which the Benedictines in their purer days adopted—"Ora et labora"—"Pray and work." It has been commonly said that Virgil was in his creed an Epicurean; that he looked upon the gods as beings who, in our English poet's words,

"Lie beside their nectar, careless of mankind."

But a study of his writings will go far to show that such is not the case; that whatever the distinct articles of his creed may have been, he had a deep individual

* Jules Legris.

sense of the personal existence of great powers which ruled the affairs of men; that Nature was not to him, as to Lucretius, a mere shrine of hidden mysteries, unlocked to the Epicurean alone, but that he had an eye and a heart for all its riches and beauties, as the "skirts" of a di vine glory. In all his verse this feeling shows itself but nowhere more plainly than in the Georgics.

It is said that this particular work was undertaken by the desire of Mæcenas, with the hope of turning the minds of the veteran soldiers, to whom grants of land had been made in return for their services, to a more peaceful ambition in the quiet cultivation of their farms. Whether it had that result may well be doubted: the discharged soldier, however heartily he might take to farming, would scarcely go to a poet as his instructor. The practical influence of these treatises in any way is equally doubtful. "It would be absurd to suppose," says Dean Merivale, "that Virgil's verses induced any Roman to put his hand to the plough, or take from his bailiff the management of his own estates; but they served undoubtedly to revive some of the simple tastes and sentiments of the olden time, and perpetuated, amid the vices and corruptions of the Empire, a pure stream of sober and innocent enjoyment." *

* "Fall of Rome," iv. 576.

THE ÆNEID.

Chapter I.

THE SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST OF CARTHAGE.

The Æneid, like the Iliad and Odyssey, is a Tale of Troy. The fascination of that remarkable cycle of legend had not weakened after the lapse of ten centuries. Virgil not only set himself deliberately to imitate Homer in his method of poetical treatment, but he goes to him for his subject. He even makes his own poem, in some sort, a sequel to the Iliad—at least as much so as the Odyssey is. As the subject of this latter poem is the wanderings and final establishment in his native country of the Greek hero Ulysses after victory, so Virgil gives us the story of the escape of a Trojan hero from the ruin of his city, and the perils by land and sea which he encountered, until his final settlement in the distant west, in the land which the gods had promised him. Æneas, like Ulysses, is described as a man of many woes and sufferings; and like him, though he has the justice and the deliberate counsels of heaven all on his side, the enmity of one angry deity is permitted to vex and thwart him for many long years. This Æneas—reputed son of the goddess Venus by a mortal husband, Anchises—had played no unimportant part in the defence of Troy. Had we not been told that King Priam had no less than fifty sons, it might have been said that he stood very near the throne. For he was the representative of the younger branch of the house of Dardanus—the family of Assaracus—as Priam

was of the elder branch, that of Ilus.* A sort of half-mysterious glory is cast round him in the Iliad. He is there addressed as "counsellor of the Trojans;" they honored him, we are told, "equally with the godlike Hector;" and Neptune is made to utter a prophecy that Jupiter has rejected the house of Priam, but that "Æneas, and his sons, and his sons' sons" should hereafter reign over the Trojans."† Some Homeric critics have even fancied that they detected, in some passages of Homer's poem, a jealousy between Æneas and the sons of Priam. But this surely arises from reading Homer by the light of Virgil, and thus anticipating the future turn of events, when, after the death of Hector and the fall of Priam's kingdom, the prince of the house of Assaracus should rebuild the Trojan fortunes on the far-off shores of Italy.

Like Homer, Virgil dashes at once into the heart of his story. This is how he introduces his hero:

> "Arms and the man I sing, who first,
> By fate of Ilian realm amerced,
> To fair Italia onward bore,
> And landed on Lavinium's shore."‡

He tells us nothing, however, for the present, of the

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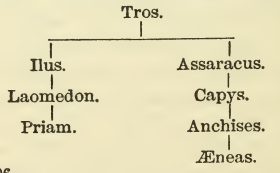
* The following pedigree is mythical—as pedigrees often are:



† Iliad, xx. 306.

‡ The extracts are in all cases (where not otherwise marked) from Mr. Conington's translation, and are made with the permission of his representatives and publishers.

escape from Troy and the embarkation of the fugitives, or of the guiding oracles in obedience to which they had sailed forth in quest of this new home. He only shows us Æneas on the sea, having just set sail from Sicily, where the angry Queen of Heaven catches sight of him. Juno, we must remember—Virgil, apparently, has no idea that any one could need reminding of it—Juno has never forgotten or forgiven that scene upon Mount Ida, where the Trojan Paris preferred the fascinations—or the bribes—of Venus to her own stately charms. She had persuaded her royal consort, the king of gods and men, to consent to the downfall of the accursed race; and she persecutes this unhappy remnant, now on its voyage, with unrelenting hate. Even the poet, who makes use of her persecution as one of the mainsprings of his story, professes his astonishment at its bitterness—

"Can such deep hate find place in breasts divine?" †

She had another reason, too, for her present jealous feelings. The city of Carthage, where she was especially honored, she had hoped to make the mistress of the world. And now—so the inexorable Fates have woven it in their web—this new brood from Troy are to destroy it in the years to come. Rome, and not Carthage, the Roman poet would thus convey to his readers, is to have this universal empire.

But they have not reached Latium yet, these hateful Trojans. They never shall. The Queen of Heaven betakes herself to the King of the Winds, where he sits enthroned in his Homeric island of Æolia, controlling his boisterous subjects:

† Milton has translated the line almost literally:

"In heavenly spirits could such perversion dwell?"

—Par. Lost, vi.

"They with the rock's reverberent roar
Chafe blustering round their prison door:
He, throned on high, the sceptre sways,
Controls their moods, their wrath allays.
Break but that sceptre, sea and land
And heaven's ethereal deep
Before them they would whirl like sand,
And through the void air sweep."

At Juno's request Æolus lets loose his prisoners. Out rush the winds in mad delight.

"All in a moment, sun and skies
Are blotted from the Trojans' eyes:
Black night is brooding o'er the deep,
Sharp thunder peals, live lightnings leap:
The stoutest warrior holds his breath,
And looks as on the face of death.
At once Æneas thrilled with dread;
Forth from his breast, with hands outspread,
These groaning words he drew:

'O happy thrice, and yet again,
Who died at Troy like valiant men,
E'en in their parents' view!
O Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,
Why passed I not the plain that day,
Yielding my life to you,
Where, stretched beneath a Phrygian sky,
Fierce Hector, tall Sarpedon, lie:
Where Simois tumbles 'neath his wave
Shields, helms, and bodies of the brave?'"

The fleet is scattered in all directions: some ships are cast on the rocks; one goes down with all its crew before their leader's eyes. But Neptune, the sea-god, comes to the rescue. Friendly to the Trojans, as Juno is hostile to them, he resents the interference of the King of the Winds in his dominions — he knows by whose instance he has dared this outrage. He sum-

mons the offending winds, and chides them with stern authority:

"Back to your master instant flee,
And tell him, not to him but me
The imperial trident of the sea
Fell by the lot's award;
His is that prison-house of stone,
A prison, Eurus, all your own;
There let him lord it to his mind,
The jailer-monarch of the wind,
But keep its portal barred."

So the tempest is stilled, and Æneas, with seven ships, the survivors of his fleet of twenty, runs into a land-locked harbor on the coast of Carthage. The crews light a fire, and grind and parch their corn, while Æneas goes farther inland to reconnoitre, and kills deer to mend their meal. Wine they have good store of—the parting gift from King Acestes, late their host in Sicily. The chief, though in sad anxiety as to the fate of his absent comrades, speaks to the rest in words of good cheer:

"You that have seen grim Scylla rave,
And heard her monsters yell,—
You that have looked upon the cave
Where savage Cyclops dwell,—
Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget!
This suffering may yield us yet
A pleasant tale to tell."

Æneas has his advocate, too, in the celestial council. His goddess-mother Venus pleads with her father Jupiter to have pity on her offspring. And Jupiter—very open to influence of this kind now, as in Homer's story—reveals for her comfort the secrets of fate. Æneas shall reach Latium safely, and reign there three years. His son Iulus—or Ascanius, as he is otherwise called—

shall succeed him, and transfer the seat of power from Lavinium to his own new-founded city, Alba Longa. Three hundred years his race shall rule there, till in due course the twin-brothers Romulus and Remus shall be born to the war-god Mars, and the elder brother shall lay the foundations of Rome. To the glories of this new capital the Father of the gods will assign neither limit nor end. The wrongs of Troy shall be redressed. The sons of the East, in their new home, shall avenge themselves on their enemies.

> "So stands my will. There comes a day,
> While Rome's great ages hold their way,
> When old Assaracus's sons
> Shall quit them on the Myrmidons,
> O'er Phthia and Mycenæ reign,
> And humble Argos to their chain.
> From Troy's fair stock shall Cæsar rise,
> The limits of whose victories
> Are ocean, of his fame the skies;
> Great Julius, proud that style to bear,
> In name and blood Iulus' heir."

Thus, before he has concluded the first book of his great poem, the poet has taken us into his counsels as to the purport of the song. It is not a mere epic romance, in which we are to be charmed with heroic deeds and exciting adventures; it is, like some of our modern novels, a romance with a purpose; and the purpose is the claiming for the great house of Julius the rightful empire of Rome, and the celebration of the glories of that house in the person of Augustus. And as the Iliad of Homer, beyond the mere vocation of the poet to arouse and charm a warlike audience by the recital of deeds of arms, had its own purpose also—the glorification of the Greek nation—so the Roman poet may be said to have written a counter-Iliad, to extol

the later fortunes of the royal house of Troy in the descendants, as he is pleased to imagine them, of Iulus. For any historic foundation of such a genealogy we may look in vain. King Brute stands upon much the same historical level, as the ancestor of the Britons, as can be claimed for Iulus of Troy as the founder of the Julian house and of Rome. But, for the present, we must be content to assume his existence, and to follow the course of the narrative as the poet wills. The claim of Trojan descent is not an invention of Virgil's, though he may have been the first to work it out so much in detail. It was a claim in which his countrymen always delighted, and there were not wanting traditions in its support. Another purpose, also, Virgil seems to have at heart. He does not care so much, after all, for the subjugation of Greece and the extension of the imperial rule of Rome. The empire of Augustus is to be peace. There has been enough, and more than enough, of war. In the prognostications of the future of his nation, even here we are reminded of the strains of the "Pollio." To the soul of the Roman poet — unlike his master Homer in this—war, and more especially civil war, is absolutely hateful. He can describe it, when needed for his purpose, and describe it well; but it is as the scourge of nations, or at best the terrible remedy for greater evils,—not, as the Greek poet calls it, "the strife which is the joy of men."

Venus loses no time in furthering, so far as she may, the counsels of Jupiter. She puts into the heart of the Queen of Carthage, on whose shores Æneas and his crews have now been cast, feelings of pity and compassion towards the shipwrecked strangers. She comes in person, also, to comfort her son Æneas in his trouble. Attended by his faithful friend Achates, he is explor-

ing, like a careful leader, the strange coast on which he finds himself—

> "When in the bosom of the wood
> Before him, lo, his mother stood,
> In mien and gear a Spartan maid,
> Or like Harpalycè arrayed,
> Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,
> And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace.
> Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow;
> Loose to the wind her tresses flow;
> Bare was her knee; her mantle's fold
> The gathering of a knot controlled.
> And 'Saw ye, youths,' she asks them, 'say,
> One of my sisters here astray;
> A silver quiver at her side,
> And for a scarf a lynx's hide;
> Or pressing on the wild boar's track
> With upraised dart and voiceful pack?'"

There is in this description a happy reminiscence of an earlier legend. In such guise—not with any of the meretricious attractions assigned to the goddess of Cyprus and of Paphos, but as a simple mountain nymph—had she won her mortal lover, the Trojan shepherd Anchises, from whom this her dear son was born. So ran the fable; and it was added that she had enjoined her lover never to disclose the secret of the child's birth, nor to boast of the favor shown him by a goddess, but to bring the boy up in the forests of Ida, as the offspring of a wood nymph. Anchises, in his pride, had neglected or forgotten her warning, and was punished by premature weakness and a helpless old age.

Professing herself to be but a Tyrian damsel, Venus replies to her son's questions as to the inhabitants of the land. They are a colony from Tyre; their queen, Dido, has fled from the treachery of her false brother Pygmalion, who, after murdering her husband Sichæus, had

possessed himself of the kingdom. Hither she has escaped with her husband's wealth, and is founding a new city on the coast of Africa. Æneas tells her in return his own sad story, and is comforted by the assurance that all his fleet, though scattered, are safe—all but one unhappy vessel and her crew. Then, as she turns to leave him, the disguised divinity becomes apparent.

> "Ambrosial tresses round her head
> A more than earthly fragrance shed;
> Her falling robe her footsteps swept,
> And showed the goddess as she stept."

Æneas and his companion mount the crest of the hill, whence they look down upon the half-finished walls of Carthage, and the swarming bands of workmen. They are digging out the harbor, planning that most essential structure in a city of any pretension, an amphitheatre for public spectacles, and building a magnificent temple to Juno. Girt with a mist of invisibility which Venus has thrown round them,—like Ulysses in the court of Phæacia—the strangers enter the brazen gates of the temple. All is magnificent and wonderful. But, marvel of marvels! both walls and doors are sculptured with a history which Æneas knows only too well. Even here is recorded, on this distant and unknown shore, the story of stories—the Tale of Troy. With eager and tearful eyes the Trojan chief peruses the several groups, and identifies the various incidents. Here the Greeks fly to their ships, hard pressed by Hector and the Trojans: there, again, the terrible Achilles drives the Trojans in slaughter before him. The death of young Troilus, hurled from his chariot, is there; and, to match the picture, Hector dragged at Achilles's chariot-wheels round the city walls. Memnon the Ethi-

opian and the Amazon Penthesilea also find a place; and there, amidst the foremost combatants, Æneas can recognize himself.

While the Trojon chief and his companion Achates are reading this sculptured history, the queen herself approaches. And while they admire her majesty and grace, conspicuous amongst all her train, lo! the missing comrades of Æneas make their appearance before her as suppliants. They tell the story of their shipwreck on the coast: and they think Æneas is lost, as he had thought they were. Then the mist in which Venus had wrapped the hero and his comrade dissolves, and the two parties recognize and welcome each other. Dido, like all the world, has heard of the name of Æneas, and the sufferings of the heroes of Troy. She can pity such sufferings from her own bitter experience:

> "Myself not ignorant of woe,
> Compassion I have learnt to show."

The sentiment has been adopted by modern writers in all languages. "She had suffered persecution and learnt mercy," says Sterne in a like case: and even in Sterne's mouth, the sentiment is natural and true.

The strangers are hospitably welcomed, and offered every facility for refitting their fleet, and preparing for the continuance of their voyage. Æneas sends down to his ships for presents worthy of so kind a hostess: and, with a father's pride, he sends also for his young son to introduce him to the queen. The evening is devoted to feasting and revelry. The royal bard—that indispensable figure in all courts, Trojan or Tyrian or Greek—sings to the assembled guests. It is to be remarked that his lay is not, as we might expect, of heroes and their deeds: it is the song of Silenus, in the Pastorals, over

again—the favorite subject of the poet, the wonders of nature and creation.

> "He sings the wanderings of the moon,
> The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon;
> Whence humankind and cattle came,
> And whence the rain-spout and the flame,
> Arcturus and the two bright bears,
> And Hyads weeping showery tears;
> Why winter suns so swiftly go,
> And why the winter nights move slow."

All the while, during the song and the banquet, the queen is fondling the fair boy, who sits next to her. Unhappy Dido! it is Cupid, the god of love, who, at his false mother's bidding, has assumed the shape of Æneas's young son. The true Ascanius lies fast bound in an enchanted sleep, by Venus's machinations, in her bower in the far island of Cythera; and the Tyrian queen is nursing unawares in her bosom the passion which is to be her ruin. Æneas has already become an object of tender interest to her. She hangs upon his lips, like Desdemona on Othello's:

> "Much of great Priam asks the dame,
> Much of his greater son;
> Now in what armor Memnon came,
> Now how Achilles shone."

Above all, she begs of him to tell his own story—his escape and his seven years' wanderings. And Æneas begins; and, with an exact imitation of Homer's management of his story, like Ulysses in the court of Alcinous, retraces his adventures from the last fatal night of Troy.

Chapter II.

ÆNEAS RELATES THE FALL OF TROY.

It has been said that this poem is a kind of supplement to the Iliad. Æneas tells us what was not there told by Homer, but what is presupposed in his Odyssey, —the later history of the siege and capture of Troy. He relates at length the stratagem of the Wooden Horse, by which the Greeks at last outwitted their enemies. The fleet, which had seemed to sail for home, had withdrawn, and lay concealed in the harbor of Tenedos. The wooden fabric—dedicated to Minerva, as the tale went—was left standing outside the city. It was suggested to bring it within the walls, when the priest Laocoon rushed to prevent it—suspecting some such stratagem as in truth had been contrived. He even hurled his spear against its side, and might have thus made a beginning of its destruction, when behold, a prisoner was brought in. It was the treacherous Sinon; a Greek who had undertaken to play the dangerous part of a double spy. The tale he told his captors was this: that he, though a Greek, was a fugitive from Greek vengeance—especially from the hated Ulysses. He had been fixed upon as a victim to propitiate the offended gods; for there had come an oracle from Apollo, that as the blood of a virgin had to be shed to propitiate the gales on the expedition to Troy, so blood—that of a Greek—must purchase their return. Ulysses had contrived that Sinon should be the victim, and it was to escape this doom that he had thus fled.

The Trojans were moved to pity—they spared the traitor's life; only, in return, King Priam adjured him

to tell them the true intent of the Horse. Sinon declared that the Greeks had meant to set it up themselves an offering to Minerva, within the Trojan citadel when they should have captured it; it behoved the Trojans now to seize it and drag it within the walls: for, if this were done, then—so ran the oracles—Asia should avenge itself upon Europe, and the Greeks in their turn should be besieged in their homes.*

The traitor's tale was all too easily believed. There came, too, a fearful omen, which hurried the Trojans to adopt this false counsel. The priest Laocoon, who had dared to strike the wooden monster, was seized, while offering sacrifice to Neptune, with his two sons, by two huge sea-serpents (so old is the belief, false or true, in these apocryphal monsters), which came sailing in to the beach from the direction of Tenedos. In the description which the poet gives of their movements at sea, we seem to be reading a versified extract from the log of some modern sea-captain :

> "Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
> And toss on high their sanguined crests; †
> The hind-part coils along the deep,
> And indulates with sinuous sweep."

The two unhappy youths are first caught and strangled —then the father. The legend is well known to others besides students of the Æneid, from the marble group of the Laocoon; which, however, does not tell the story in the same way, or in so probable a shape, as the poet

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* Dante in his Inferno punishes Sinon with an eternal sweating-sickness: a singular penalty, which is shared only by Potiphar's wife.—Inf. xxx.

† Nay, the "crests" spoken of seem to have been (as reported of the modern sea-serpent) of actual hair; since Pindar, as Conington has noted, calls them "manes."

does, since it represents the reptiles as embracing all three victims at once in their folds. Then, with glad shouts and songs of youths and maidens, the huge monster was dragged over a breach made purposely in the walls of Troy. Yet not without a voice of warning, disregarded, from Cassandra, daughter of King Priam, who had the gift of prophecy, and whose fate it was, like so many prophets in their own families, to prophesy in vain—nor without difficulties which might in themselves have well been considered presages of evil:

> "Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed;
> Four times the armor clashed and brayed;
> Yet press we on, with passion blind,
> All forethought blotted from our mind,
> Till the dread monster we install
> Within the temple's tower-built wall."

Inside, the fabric is full of armed Greeks. How many there were in number has been disputed—though possibly, in a legend of this kind, the question of more or fewer is scarcely relevant. It is a question, however, which derives some interest from the fact that it was one of the difficulties which exercised the mind of the first Napoleon during his exile. Studying the siege of Troy as if it were a mere prosaic operation in modern warfare, he was struck by the improbability of the whole stratagem. How "even a single company of the Guard" could be hid in such a machine, and dragged from some distance inside the city walls, the French Emperor was unable to conceive, and regarded the story as an infringement of even a poet's license. Napoleon was not much of a Latin scholar, and, so far as the main point of his criticism went, had depended too implicitly upon French translators. Segrais, discussing the question in a note, thought there

might be perhaps some two or three hundred. Indeed most of our English translators have gone out of their way to exaggerate the number. But Virgil himself, as has been pertinently remarked by Dr. Henry, only makes nine men actually come out of the horse, all of whom he mentions by name. The poet certainly does not say in so many words that these were all, but he, at least, is not answerable for a larger number. Among the nine are the young Neoptolemus, surnamed Pyrrhus—"Red-haired,"—son of the dead Achilles, and now his successor in the recognized championship of the force; Sthenelus, the friend and comrade of Diomed (for whose absence it seems hard to account); Machaon, the hero-physician, whom one hardly expects to find selected for such a desperate service; Epeus, the contriver of the machine; and Ulysses, without whose aid and presence no such stratagem would seem complete.

At dead of night the traitor Sinon looked out to sea, and saw a light in the offing. It was the fire-signal from Agamemnon's vessel; the Greek fleet had come back under cover of the darkness from its lurking-place at Tenedos. Then he silently undid the fastenings of the horse, and the Greek adventurers, as has been said, emerged from their wooden prison.

In the visions of the night Æneas saw the ghastly spectre of the dead Hector stand before him,—

> "All torn by dragging at the car,
> And black with gory dust of war.
> . . . . . .
> Ah, what a sight was there to view!
> How altered from the man we knew,
> Our Hector, who from day's long toil
> Comes radiant in Achilles' spoil,
> Or with that red right hand, which casts
> The fires of Troy on Grecian masts!

> Blood-clotted hung his beard and hair,
> And all those many wounds were there,
> Which on his gracious person fell
> Around the walls he loved so well."

Virgil seems to have followed the more horrible tradition, which appears also in some of the Greek dramatists, that Achilles fastened Hector to his chariot while still alive.

The shade of the dead hero had come to warn Æneas not to throw away his life in a hopeless resistance. Troy must fall: but to Æneas, as the hope of his race, the prince of the house of Priam formally intrusts the national gods of Troy and the sacred fire of Vesta, to be carried into the new land which he shall colonize. It is a formal transfer of the kingdom and the priesthood to the younger branch—the line of Assaracus.

Æneas awoke, as he goes on to tell, to hear the war-cries of the Greeks and the clash of arms within the city. Already the storming-party had attacked and set fire to the house of Deiphobus,—to whom Helen, willing or unwilling, had been made over on the death of Paris; and therefore naturally the first point which Menelaus made for. Æneas himself is summoned by a comrade, Panthus, to come to the rescue. The first despairing words of Panthus have a pathos which has made them well known. No English idiom will express with equal brevity and point the Latin "*Fuimus*," —"We have been—and are not," for this is understood.* "*Fuimus Troes*"—Mr. Conington's translation gives the full sense, but at the expense of its terseness:—

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* The French word "*feu*," used of a person deceased, is probably from this Latin use of "*fui*."

"We have been Trojans—Troy has been—
She sat, but sits no more, a queen."

It was a phrase peculiarly Roman. So they used the word "Vixi"—"I have lived"—in epitaphs, to express death; though in this, as in so many cases, the turn of the expression is due to that euphemism which refrained from using any words of direct ill omen.

"The father of the gods," says Panthus, "has transferred all our glory to Argos." There was a story (alluded to in one of the lost tragedies of Sophocles, of which we have but a fragment) that on the night of the capture of Troy the tutelary deities departed in a body, taking their images with them. It is a singular parallel to the well-known tradition, that before the fall of Jerusalem supernatural voices were heard in the night exclaiming, "Let us depart hence!" The Romans had a regular formula for the evocation of the gods from an enemy's city, and inviting them, with promises of all due honors and sacrifices, to transfer their seat to Rome; and to attack any city without these solemn preliminaries was held to bring a curse on the besiegers.*

Æneas is anxious to assure his fair listener that, in spite of Hector's adjuration to fly, he did all that man might do in defence of his king and his countrymen. He had rallied a band of brave men, and for a while made head against the enemy. They were favored by the mistake made by a party of Greeks, who took them for friends in the darkness, and whom they cut to pieces, and having arrayed themselves in their armor, dealt destruction in the enemy's very ranks. But all

* For this reason, says Macrobius, the real name of Rome and of its guardian deity was always kept a secret.

resistance was in vain. The appearance of Neoptolemus—Pyrrhus—the "Red-haired"—and the comparison of the young warrior in his strength and beauty to the serpent who comes forth after casting its winter slough, is fine in the original, and finely translated:

"Full in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays:
So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night
Through winter lay as dead:
Now from its ancient wounds undressed,
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast,
And darts its three-forked tongue."

And the fate of the unhappy Priam is an equally beautiful picture, of a different tone:

"Perhaps you ask of Priam's fate:
He, when he sees his town o'erthrown,
Greeks bursting through his palace-gate,
And thronging chambers once his own,
His ancient armor, long laid by,
Around his palsied shoulders throws,
Girds with a useless sword his thigh,
And totters forth to meet his foes."

Hecuba, who with her women is clinging to the altar, rebukes her husband for this mad attempt to match his feeble strength against the enemy. Still, when Pyrrhus rushes into the hall in pursuit of one of Priam's sons, Polites, and slays him full in the father's sight, the old man hurls a javelin at the Greek chief, with a taunting curse upon his cruelty. But it is

"A feeble dart, no blood that drew;
The ringing metal turned it back,
And left it clinging, weak and slack."

And the ruthless son of Achilles drags the old king to the altar, and slays him there.

One more episode of that terrible night Æneas relates to his hostess:

> "I stood alone, when lo! I mark,
> In Vesta's temple crouching dark,
> The traitress Helen: the broad blaze
> Gives me full light, as round I gaze.
> She, shrinking from the Trojans' hate,
> Made frantic by their city's fate,
> Nor dreading less the Danaan sword,
> The vengeance of her injured lord,—
> She, Troy's and Argos' common fiend,
> Sat cowering, by the altar screened.
> My blood was fired: fierce passion woke
> To quit Troy's fall by one sure stroke."

But his goddess-mother, Venus, stays his hand, and bids him think rather of saving his wife, and aged father, and infant son. Virgil gives us no hint of the other story of Helen's discovery by her angry husband Menelaus, who was lifting his sword to kill the adultress, when his arm fell powerless before the fascination of her beauty.

Obedient to the goddess, says Æneas, he went to seek his father Anchises, that he might carry him with him in his flight. But the old man refused to move. He would die, he said, in Troy. Life might be dear to the young; but for himself, even the tender mercies of the enemy would give him all he seeks, though they leave his corpse unburied,—

> "He lacks not much that lacks a grave."

The desperate entreaties of his son were all in vain, until there came an omen from heaven. While Æneas was threatening—since the old man would not be saved

—to rush himself again into the fight and meet a warrior's death, his wife Creusa placed their young son Iulus in his arms. Lo! on the child's head there played a lambent light of flame. The mother and Æneas would have sought to extinguish it, but Anchises recognized in it a sign from heaven. Virgil reads us no special interpretation, but surely he meant his Roman readers to understand that the seal of sovereignty was thus early set upon the founder of the great house of Julius. Thunder on the left hand—always the best of auguries—and a meteor flashing across the sky and pointing out their path to the fugitives, confirm the omen.

So the old man was lifted on his son's shoulders, Iulus walking by his side, and Creusa following at some distance. They were to meet outside the city, at the temple of Ceres. Anchises bore in his hands the little images of the household gods (like Laban's teraphim) and the sacred fire; for Æneas himself, red-handed from the battle, might not touch them. But soon the steps of their enemies were heard in pursuit; and Æneas, making his way with his precious burden through by-paths to the place of rendezvous, reached it only to find that though many other fugitives, men, women, and children, had assembled there, the unhappy Creusa had not followed him. Cursing men and gods alike in his agony, he retraced his steps towards Troy, and even penetrated unharmed into the wreck of Priam's palace, crying aloud his wife's name. Suddenly her shade appeared to him, and bade him not continue so vain a search, or grieve for a loss which was but the fulfilment of the counsels of heaven. She is content to know the future glories which are in store for her husband, and thankful that her own fate

has been death (we are left to suppose, at the hands of the Greeks) rather than captivity and slavery. Æneas listened, and at once, obedient to the recognized voice of the gods, whether for good or evil, as is his character throughout, yielded to his fate, and hid himself with his little band of fugitives in the forests of Mount Ida. There they had spent the winter months in building themselves a little fleet of galleys out of the abundant pine-wood; and with the early summer launched upon the seas, wholly in ignorance of their destination, but awaiting confidently the guidance of heaven towards their promised resting-place.

Chapter III.

ÆNEAS CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE.

So, with his father and his infant son, and carrying with him the national gods and sacred fire of Troy, Æneas and the remnant of the Trojans had set forth upon their voyage for the unknown shores of Hesperia —the "Land of the West." Their first resting-place was on the friendly coast of Thrace, where Æneas laid the foundations of a city which was to bear his name. A strange adventure befell him there. While he was pulling some cornel-twigs which grew out of a mound, he found, to his horror, that the ends dropped blood. A third time, after prayer to avert the omen, he plucked a sapling, when a hollow voice from below warned him to desist from such cruelty. It is the grave of the unhappy Polydorus, a young son of Priam, whom his father, when Troy became hard pressed, had sent away with some of his treasures to the safe keeping of the king of Thrace, who

for the sake of these treasures had basely murdered him. The cornel-wood spears with which he had been transfixed had taken root, and the blood had flowed from his body.* They did but wait to pay due honors to the shade of Polydorus, and then hastened from the accursed coast. Landing next on the sacred isle of Delos, they consulted the oracle there as to their future home. Apollo was as enigmatical as his wont—he bade them "seek out their ancient mother." They understood this to be spoken of the ancient cradle of their race; Anchises thought the phrase pointed to Crete, the birthplace of their ancestral hero Teucrus, and where stood the ancient Mount Ida, from which the mountain in the Troad derived its name. And Idomeneus, the king of Crete, who had joined the war against Troy, had been driven from his kingdom, and left a vacant throne.† To Crete they sailed, and there began to build a city, to be called Pergamia, after the citadel of Troy. But a year of deadly pestilence fell on man and beast; and in a dream Æneas saw the angry gods of Troy standing by him "in the full moonlight that streamed through the windows," and warning him that the promised land, the ancient home of their race, is not in Crete, but Hesperia—the "Land of the West"—whence came

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* Horrible as the legend is, Spenser thought it worth adopting. The Red-Cross Knight, to make a garland for Fidessa, tears branches from the tree that had once been Fradubio.—"Faery Queen," I. ii. 30.

† The story of Idomeneus, according to the old annotators upon Virgil, has a curious similarity to that of Jephthah. He had vowed that if he escaped from a storm at sea, he would offer in sacrifice the first thing that met him on landing. It was his son A plague followed, and his subjects expelled him.

their forefather Dardanus. Then Anchises too remembered that such had been the frequent warning of Cassandra—the prophetess to whom none would listen. They re-embarked accordingly. After a storm of three days and three nights, when no pilot could keep the course, they were cast upon the islands of the Harpies* —the monster sisters, half women and half birds, foul and loathsome, who are hateful to gods and men. With them they had to do battle for the meal which they had spread; and one of those hags, in her wrath, prophesied that before they reached their promised Hesperia they should be forced "to eat their tables."

The description of the ensuing voyage, in Mr. Conington's tasteful translation, reads like a passage from the "Lord of the Isles," yet presents a fair equivalent, especially in the last fine touch, to the Latin original:

> "The south wind freshens in the sail;
> We hurry o'er the tide,
> Where'er the helmsman and the gale
> Conspire our course to guide;
> Now rises o'er the foamy flood
> Zacynthos, with its crown of wood,

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* There is a fine description of these hags in Morris's "Jason," where the voyagers

> "Beheld the daughters of the Earth and Sea,
> The dreadful Snatchers, who like women were
> Down to the breast, with scanty close black hair
> About their heads, and dim eyes ringed with red,
> And bestial mouths set round with lips of lead.
> But from their gnarled necks there 'gan to spring
> Half hair, half feathers, and a sweeping wing
> Grew out instead of arm on either side,
> And thick plumes underneath the breast did hide
> The place where joined the fearful natures twain."

Dulichium, Samè, Neritos,
Whose rocky sides the waves emboss;
The crags of Ithaca we flee,
Laertes' rugged sovereignty;
Nor in our flight forget to curse
The land that was Ulysses' nurse."

They landed on the coast of Leucadia, at Actium—the scene, be it remembered, of Augustus's great naval victory over Antony and Cleopatra. Here, the Trojan chief takes care to say, he refreshed his weary crew with rest, and celebrated national games. Nay, he hung up there, fugitive as he was, a trophy of defiance—a shield which he had taken from a Greek hero, and inscribed upon it, "The spoil of Æneas from the conquering Argives." So speaks the poet; his Roman audience would recognize the Actian games, celebrated there every fifth year by order of Augustus in honor of his great victory; and Æneas's trophy is not so out of place as it might seem.

At Buthrotus, in Epirus, the wanderers had met with old friends. Andromache is settled there, now the wife of Helenus, who, by a strange vicissitude, has become the successor of Neoptolemus in his Greek province. There is little of what we call sentiment in these "heroic" times, especially as concerns "woman and her master." It grates upon the feelings of the reader who has in mind the pathetic scene between Hector and his wife in the Iliad of Homer, to be told here by the poet—told, too, as an ordinary incident, as in fact it was—that Andromache had become the property of the conqueror Neoptolemus, and that he, bent upon a marriage with Hermione, daughter of Helen and Menelaus, had handed over his Trojan wife—"Hector's Andromache," as she still pathetically calls herself—to her fellow-captive Helenus, Hector's brother. She tells her

own sad story, not without some sense of its wretchedness—

> "Ay—I am living; living still
> Through all extremity of ill."

And she envies the fate of Polyxena, her sister-in-law, slain on the tomb of Achilles. Still, she has accepted her lot—the lot of so many women in her day. And Helenus, her present lord, is (if that be any consolation) a sort of king; for Orestes has killed Neoptolemus, and Helenus has in some way succeeded him, and built a new "Pergamus" in Greece. So that here, too, the poet would tell us, Troy has conquered her conquerors—a son of Priam reigns in the territory of Achilles. But the impression made upon an English mind as to Andromache's fate is, after all, that of degradation, and we gladly turn from the page which relates it.

Helenus, like her sister Cassandra, has the gift of prophecy; he had been the great authority on all such matters to his countrymen during the siege. He now read the omens for Æneas, at his request; all were favorable. The wanderers should reach the promised Hesperia; but that western land was further off than they thought, and their voyage would prove long and weary. When they reached it, they should find under a holm-oak a white sow with a litter of thirty young ones: there the new town was to be built—the "Alba Longa" which has already been forenamed in Jupiter's promise to Venus. Helenus dismissed them with good wishes and ample presents; Andromache making special gifts to the boy Ascanius, whose age and features remind the mother of her own lost Astyanax. Æneas's words of farewell are these:

> "Live and be blest! 'tis sweet to feel
> Fate's book is closed and under seal.

For us, alas! that volume stern
Has many another page to turn.
Yours is a rest assured: no more
Of ocean wave to task the oar;
No far Ausonia to pursue,
Still flying, flying from the view."

They set sail from this friendly shore, and on the following day caught their first sight of the shores of Italy. But though they landed and offered sacrifice to Juno, as Helenus had bid them do, they knew that this was not the spot on which they were to settle, and soon put to sea again. They passed the bay of Tarentum, escaping the dangers of Charybdis, and landed under Ætna, on the shore where dwell the Cyclops—the one-eyed race of giants, who, according to one legend, labor in their underground forges for Vulcan, the divine smith. Here the poet introduces us to a direct reminiscence of the wanderings of Ulysses. He adopts the whole of Homer's story—the visit of the Greek chief and his comrades to the cave of the giant Polyphemus, his cannibal meal, and the vengeance which Ulysses took upon him by burning out his eye.* Æneas relates how he met there with one of Ulysses' crew, who by some mischance had been left behind, and who had hid himself three months (so close is the date of the two voyages) from the clutches of Polyphemus and his fellow-Cyclops. They took the wretched fugitive on board, and put to sea again just in time to escape the blind monster, who waded into the sea after them at the sound of the oars. They skirted the coast of Sicily, and at Drepanum the chief had buried his father Anchises. It was on casting off from Sicily that he had been driven by the storm on this unknown coast of Libya, on

* See Homer's Odyssey, p. 69.

the spot soon to be famous enough as the site of Carthage.

> "So king Æneas told his tale,
> While all beside were still—
> Rehearsed the fortunes of his sail,
> And Fate's mysterious will:
> Then to its close his legend brought,
> And gladly took the rest he sought."

Chapter IV.

DIDO.

The Carthaginian queen has been an eager listener to Æneas's story. She is love-stricken—suddenly, and irremediably. The poet has thought it necessary to explain the fact by the introduction of the god of love himself, whom, in the shape of the young Ascanius, she has been nursing on her bosom. The passion itself is looked upon by the poet—and as we must suppose by his audience—as such a palpable weakness, that even in a woman (and it is to women almost exclusively, in ancient classical fiction, that these sudden affections are attributed) it was thought necessary to account for it by the intervention of some more than human influence. Either human nature has developed, or our modern poets understand its workings better. Shakespeare makes the angry Brabantio accuse the Moor of having stolen his daughter's love

> "By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;"

but Othello himself has a far simpler and more natural explanation of the matter—

> "She loved me for the dangers I had passed;—
> This only is the witchcraft I have used."

So it has been with Dido. But she is terribly ashamed of her own feelings. She finds relief in disclosing them to a very natural confidant—her sister Anna. She confesses her weakness, but avows at the same time a determination not to yield to it. The stranger has interested her deeply, after a fashion which has not touched her since the death of her husband Sichæus.

> "Were not my purpose fixed as fate
> With none in wedlock's band to mate,—
> . . . . . .
> Were bed and bridal aught but pain,—
> Perchance I had been weak again."

But her sister—suiting her counsels, as all confidants are apt to do, to the secret wishes rather than to the professions of Dido—encourages the passion. Perpetual widowhood has a romantic sound, but is not, in Anna's opinion, a desirable estate. Besides, in this newly-planted colony, surrounded as they are by fierce African tribes, an alliance with these Trojan strangers will be a tower of strength. The stout arm of such a husband as Æneas is much needed by a widowed queen. His visit —so Anna thinks—is nothing less than providential—

> "'Twas Heaven and Juno's grace that bore,
> I ween, these Trojans to our shore."

By all means let them detain their illustrious visitor with them as long as possible—his ships require refitting and his crews refreshment—and the result will not be doubtful.

The advice suits with the queen's new mood too well to be rejected. Together the sisters offer pious sacrifices to the gods—to Juno especially, as the goddess of marriage—to give their sanction to the

hoped-for alliance. The restless feelings of the enamoured woman are described in one of the finest and most admired passages of the poem:

"E'en as a deer whom from afar
A swain, in desultory war,
Where Cretan woods are thick,
Has pierced, as 'mid the trees she lies,
And, all unknowing of his prize,
Has left the dart to stick:
She wanders lawn and forest o'er,
While the fell shaft still drinks her gore.*
Now through the city of her pride
She walks, Æneas at her side,
Displays the stores of Sidon's trade,
And stately homes already made:
Begins, but stops she knows not why,
And lets the imperfect utterance die.
Now, as the sunlight wears away,
She seeks the feast of yesterday,
Inquires once more of Troy's eclipse,
And hangs once more upon his lips;
Then, when the guests have gone their ways,
And the dim moon withdraws her rays,
And setting stars to slumber call,
Alone she mourns in that lone hall,
Clasps the dear couch where late he lay,
Beholds him, hears him far away;
Or keeps Ascanius on her knees,
And in the son the father sees,
Might she but steal one peaceful hour
From love's ungovernable power.
No more the growing towers arise,
No more in martial exercise
The youth engage, make strong the fort,
Or shape the basin to a port."

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* "To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Had come to languish."
—SHAKESPEARE, "As you Like it," ii. 1.

The powers of Olympus here come again upon the scene. Juno sees, not without a secret satisfaction, the prospect of an entanglement between Æneas and Dido, which may detain these hated Trojans in Africa, and so prevent their settlement and dominion in Italy. So Carthage, and not the Rome of the future, may yet be the mistress of the world. She addresses herself at once to the goddess of love—not without a sneer at the success of her snares in poor Dido's case; a sorry triumph it is indeed—two divinities pitted against a weak woman! But come—suppose in this matter they agree to act in concert; let there be a union between the two nations, and let Carthage be the seat of their joint power; its citizens shall pay equal honors to the queen of heaven and the queen of love. Venus understands perfectly well that Juno's motive is at any cost to prevent the foundation of Rome; but, having a clearer vision (we must presume) than her great rival of the probable results, she agrees to the terms. There is to be a hunting-party on the morrow, and Juno will take care that opportunity shall be given for the furtherance of Dido's passion. The royal hunt is again a striking picture, almost mediæval in its rich coloring:

"The morn meantime from ocean rose:
Forth from the gates with daybreak goes
The silvan regiment:
Thin nets are there, and spears of steel.
And there Massylian riders wheel,
And dogs of keenest scent.
Before the chamber of her state
Long time the Punic nobles wait
The appearing of the queen:
With gold and purple housings fit
Stands her proud steed, and champs the bit
His foaming jaws between.

At length with long attendant train
She comes: her scarf of Tyrian grain,*
With broidered border decked:
Of gold her quiver: knots of gold
Confine her hair: her vesture's fold
By golden clasp is checked.
The Trojans and Iulus gay
In glad procession take their way.
Æneas, comeliest of the throng,
Joins their proud ranks, and steps along,
As when from Lycia's wintry airs
To Delos' isle Apollo fares;
The Agathyrsian, Dryop, Crete,
In dances round his altar meet:
He on the heights of Cynthus moves,
And binds his hair's loose flow
With cincture of the leaf he loves:
Behind him sounds his bow;—
So firm Æneas' graceful tread,
So bright the glories round his head.

. . . . .

But young Ascanius on his steed
With boyish ardor glows,
And now in ecstasy of speed
He passes these, now those:
For him too peaceful and too tame
The pleasure of the hunted game:
He longs to see the foaming boar,
Or hear the tawny l'on's roar.

Meantime, loud thunder-peals resound,
And hail and rain the sky confound:
And Tyrian chiefs and sons of Troy,
And Venus' care, the princely boy,
Seek each his shelter, winged with dread,
While torrents from the hills run red.

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* This was the dye procured from the shell-fish called murex—especially costly, because each fish contained but a single drop of the precious tincture.

Driven haply to the same retreat,
The Dardan chief and Dido meet.
Then Earth, the venerable dame,
And Juno, give the sign:
Heaven lightens with attesting flame,
And bids its torches shine,
And from the summit of the peak
The nymphs shrill out the nuptial shriek.

That day she first began to die;
That day first taught her to defy
The public tongue, the public eye.
No secret love is Dido's aim:
She calls it marriage now; such name
She chooses to conceal her shame."

A rejected suitor of the Carthaginian queen,—Iarbas, king of Gætulia,—hears the news amongst the rest. He is a reputed son of Jupiter; and now, furious at seeing this wanderer from Troy—"this second Paris," as he calls him—preferred to himself, he appeals for vengeance to his Olympian parent. The appeal is heard, and Mercury is despatched to remind Æneas of his high destinies, which he is forgetting in this dalliance at Carthage. If he has lost all ambition for himself, let him at least remember the rights of his son Ascanius, which he is thus sacrificing to the indulgence of his own wayward passions. The immortal messenger finds the Trojan chief busied in planning the extension of the walls and streets of the new city which he has already adopted as his home. He delivers his message briefly and emphatically, and vanishes. Thus recalled to a full sense of his false position, Æneas is at first horror-struck and confounded. How to disobey the direct commands of Heaven, and run counter to the oracles of fate; how, on the other hand, to break his faith with Dido, and ungratefully betray the too

confiding love of his hostess and benefactress; how even to venture to hint to her a word of parting, and how to escape the probable vengeance of the Carthaginian people;—all these considerations crowd into his mind, and perplex him terribly. On the main point, however, his resolution is soon taken. He will obey the mandate of the gods, at any cost. He summons the most trusted of his comrades, and bids them make secret preparations to set sail once more in quest of their home in Italy. He promises himself that he will either find or make some opportunity of breaking the news of his departure to Dido.

This is the turning-point of the poem; and here it is that the interest to a modern reader, so far as the mere plot of the story is concerned, is sadly marred by the way in which the hero thus cuts himself off from all our sympathies. His most ingenious apologists—and he has found many—appeal to us in vain. Upon the audience or the readers of his own time, no doubt, the effect might have been different. To the critics of Augustus's court, love—or what they understood by it—was a mere weakness in the hero. The call which Heaven had conveyed to him was to found the great empire of the future; and because he obeys the call at the expense of his tenderest feelings, the poet gives him always his distinctive epithet—the "pious" Æneas. The word "pious," it must be remembered, implies in the Latin the recognition of all duties to one's country and one's parents, as well as to the gods. And in all these senses Æneas would deserve it. But to an English mind, the "piety" which pleads the will of Heaven as an excuse for treachery to a woman, only adds a deeper hue of infamy to the transaction. It

"Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

But our story must not wait for us to discuss too curiously the morals of the hero. Æneas has thought to make his preparations without the knowledge of the queen—while she

> "Still dreams her happy dream, nor thinks
> That aught can break those golden links."

But, as the poet goes on to say, "Who can cheat the eyes of love?" Dido soon learns his change of purpose, and taxes him openly with his baseness and ingratitude. The whole of this fourth book of the Æneid—"The Passion of Dido," as it has been called—is of a very high order of tragic pathos. The queen is by turns furious and pathetic; now she hurls menaces and curses against her false lover, now she condescends to pitiable entreaty. The Trojan chief's defence, such as it is, is that he had never meant to stay. He is bound, the pilgrim of Heaven, for Latium. His father Anchises is warning him continually in the visions of the night not to linger here: and now the messenger of the gods in person has come to chide this fond delay.

The grand storm of wrath in which the injured queen bursts upon him in reply has severely taxed the powers of all Virgil's English translators. They seem to have felt themselves no more of a match for "the fury of a woman scorned" than Æneas was. Certainly they all fail, more or less, to give the fire and bitterness of the original. The heroics of Dryden suit it better, perhaps, than any other measure:

> "False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
> Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
> But hewn from hardened entrails of a rock,
> And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!

Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lend a listening ear,
Sigh when I sobbed, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind—
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies;
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more.
I saved the shipwrecked exile on my shore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The rest—I stored and rigged his ruined fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots; and now the Delian god;
Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touched with human fate!
But go: thy flight no longer I detain—
Go seek thy promised kingdom through the main!
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels and their perjured lord.
Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name:
Dido shall come, in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolved her mortal frame,
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

But in this passage, if nowhere else, a French translator has surpassed all his English rivals. Possibly the fervid passion of the scene, worked up as it

is almost to exaggeration, is more akin to the genius of the French language.*

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* Delille's fine translation of this passage is so little known to English readers that it may well find room in a note:

"Non—tu n'es point le fils de la mère d'Amour;
Au sang de Dardanus tu ne dois point le jour;
N'impute point aux dieux la naissance d'un traitre—
Non, du sang d'héros un monstre n'a pu naître;
Non.—Le Caucase affreux, t'engendrant en fureur,
De ses plus durs rochers fit ton barbare cœur,
Et du tigre inhumain la compagne sauvage,
Cruel! avec son lait t'a fait sucer sa rage.
Car enfin qui m'arrête? Après ses durs refus,
Après tant de mépris, qu'attendrais-je de plus?
S'est-il laissé flechir à mes cris douloureux?
A-t-il au moins daigné tourner vers moi les yeux?
Prosternée a ses pieds, plaintive, suppliante,
N'a-t-il pas d'un front calme ecouté son amante?
. . . . . .

Sans secours, sans asile, errant de mers en mers,
Par les flots en courroux jeté dans nos deserts,
Je l'ai reçu, l'ingrat! des fureurs de l'orage
J'ai sauvé ses sujets, ses vaisseaux de naufrage,
Je lui donne mon cœur, mon empire, ma main:
O fureur, et voilà que ce monstre inhumain
Ose imputer aux dieux son horrible parjure,
Me parle et d'Apollon, et d'oracle, et d'augure!
Pour presser son depart, l'ambassadeur des dieux
Est descendu vers lui de la voûte des cieux:
Dignes soins, en effet, de ces maîtres du monde!
En effet, sa grandeur trouble leur paix profonde!
—C'en est assez; va, pars; je ne te retiens pas;
Va chercher loin de moi je ne sais quels états:
S'il est encore an dieu redoubtable aux ingrats,
J'espère que bientôt, pour prix d'un si grand crime,
Brisé contre un écueil, plongé dans un abîme,
Tu paîras mes malheurs, perfide! et de Didon
Ta voix, ta voix plaintive invoquera le mon."

We cannot, however, do better than return to Mr. Conington's version for the sequel:

> "Her speech half done, she breaks away,
> And sickening shuns the light of day,
> And tears her from his gaze;
> While he, with thousand things to say,
> Still falters and delays:
> Her servants lift the sinking fair,
> And to her marble chamber bear."

The Trojans prepare to depart; but the enamoured queen makes one more despairing effort to detain her faithless guest. She sends her sister to ask at least for some short space of delay—until she shall have schooled herself to bear his loss. Æneas is obdurate in his "piety." Then her last resolve is taken. She cheats her sister into the belief that she has found some spells potent enough to restrain the truant lover. Part of the charm is that his armor, and all that had belonged to him while in her company, must be consumed by fire. So a lofty pile is built in the palace-court; but it is to be the funeral pile of Dido. As she looks forth from the turret of her palace at daybreak, she sees the ships of Æneas already far in the offing; for, warned again by Mercury that there will be risk of his departure being prevented by force if he delays, he has already set sail under cover of the night. For a moment the queen thinks of ordering her seamen to give chase; but it is a mere passing phase of her despair. She contents herself with imprecating an eternal enmity between his race and hers—fulfilled, as the poet means us to bear in mind, in the long and bloody wars between Rome and Carthage.

> "And, Tyrians, you through time to come
> His seed with deathless hatred chase:

Be that your gift to Dido's tomb:
No love, no league 'twixt race and race.
Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde
To-day, to-morrow, through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword:
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are, or e'er shall be!"

With a master's hand the poet enhances the glories of his country by this prophetic introduction of the terrible Hannibal. The peaceful empire of Cæsar, before whom East and West bow, is thrown into the broadest light by reference to those early days when Rome lay almost at the mercy of her implacable enemy.

"Then, maddening over crime, the queen
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine streaks
Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through inner portals wildly fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bares—
Sad gift, for different uses meant.
She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And pausing, thought awhile and wept;
Then pressed her to the couch and spoke
Her last good-night or e'er she slept.
'Sweet relics of a time of love,
When fate and heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind.
My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave.
A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend;
Chastised for blood of husband spilt,
A brother, yet no friend:
Blest lot! yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore!'"

So she mounts the funeral pile, and stabs herself with the Trojan's sword, her sister Anna coming upon the scene only in time to receive the parting breath.

Chapter V.

THE FUNERAL GAMES.

Far off at sea, Æneas and his crew see the flames go up from Dido's palace.

> "What cause has lit so fierce a flame
> They know not; but the pangs of shame
> From great love wronged, and what despair
> Will make a baffled woman dare,—
> All this they know; and knowing tread
> The paths of presage vague and dread."

Not yet is their course clear for Italy. A storm comes on, and they make for refuge towards the friendly coast of Sicily, and run their vessels into a sheltered bay under Mount Eryx. Their return is gladly welcomed by their late host, Acestes, who receives the wanderers, as before, with princely hospitality, still mindful of his own Trojan blood. It chances that the morrow is the anniversary of the burial of Anchises; and Æneas, summoning an open-air council of his crews, announces to them his intention of commemorating his father by a solemn public sacrifice. It is a day which—wherever his lot may be hereafter cast—he will ever keep holy; and not without some providential guidance, as he deems, has this opportunity been afforded him, by his being driven back to Sicily, of celebrating it on friendly soil under the auspices of his kinsman. There shall be nine days of sacrifice and

prayer; then shall follow funeral games, with prizes at his own cost.

The sacrificial oxen are duly slain, and the libations poured at the tomb of Anchises; the bowls of new milk, of wine, and of blood, and the fresh spring flowers, which were reckoned acceptable offerings to the dead. Then Æneas lifts his voice in prayer to the shade of the hero, and a startling omen follows the invocation. A serpent, dappled with green and gold, glides out of the tomb, tastes of the offerings, and disappears again. Æneas sees in the creature the tutelary genius of the spot, or, it may be, the special attendant of his father's shade. In either case, he accepts its appearance as a good omen, and joyfully redoubles his devotions.

In the funeral games which follow, the Roman poet no doubt had two models in his mind. He was ambitious to reproduce, or perhaps to rival, in Roman song, for an audience of his countrymen, the grand description which his great master Homer had given of the games which Achilles celebrates in honor of the dead Patroclus. He wished also, there can be little doubt, to pay a poet's best compliment to his imperial patron, and to weave into his song, with such license of embellishment as is allowed to all poets, a record of those funeral games which Augustus had instituted in remembrance of his uncle, the great Dictator Julius. But Virgil is here very far from being a mere copyist from Homer. In lieu of the chariot-race, the great feature in the games of the Iliad, he has given us a galley-race, the incidents of which are quite as exciting, and to our modern comprehensions more thoroughly intelligible.

The day fixed for the great spectacle has arrived, and the Sicilians from far and near flock to it, some to

take part in the games, and all to see. First of the various contests comes the galley-race, for which four of the fastest vessels in the fleet have entered—the Shark, the Centaur, the Chimæra, and the Scylla; each displaying, no doubt, as its figure-head, a representation of the monster whose name it bore. Their captains were men well known. Humoring a genealogical fancy of his Roman countrymen for tracing their descent to some one of the old Trojan colonists,—much after the fashion of English houses who try to find an ancestor on the Roll of Battle Abbey,—the poet tells us that three at least out of the four gave their names in due time to patrician houses in Rome. Mnestheus, who commands the Shark, left his name (certainly with considerable modification) to the *gens* or clan of Memmius. The captain of the Centaur, Sergestus, is in like manner the reputed ancestor of the Sergian clan, as Cloanthus, who sails the Scylla, is of the Cluentian. Only Gyas, the captain of the Chimæra, a bulky craft, "as big as a town," has no such genealogical honors assigned him.

The course lies out in the bay, and the competing vessels are to round a rock, covered at high tides, on which an oak has been set up, leaves and all, to serve as a mark for the steersmen. They take up ther positions by lot, and await the signal, to be given by sound of trumpet. The picture of the start would suit, with wonderfully little alteration, the description of a modern University boat-race:

> "And now on rowing-bench they sit,
> Bend to the oar their arms close knit,
> And straining watch the sign to start,
> While generous trembling fills each heart,
> And thirst for victory.

Then, at the trumpet's piercing sound,
All from their stations onward bound:
Upsoars to heaven the oarsmen's shout,
The upturned billows froth and spout.
. . . . . .
With plaudits loud and clamorous zeal
Echoes the woodland round;
The pent shores roll the thunder-peal,
The stricken hills resound."

[Our modern oarsmen would certainly be wiser in this, that they would reserve their own breath (of which they would find considerable need towards the end of the race), and leave the whole of the shouting to be done by enthusiastic spectators.]

" First Gyas issues from the rout,
And holds the foremost place:
Cloanthus next; his oarsmen row
More featly, but his bark is slow,
And checks him in the race.
Behind at equal distance strain
Centaur and Shark the lead to gain;
And now the Shark darts forth, and now
The Centaur has advanced her bow;
And now the twain move side by side,
Their long keels trailing through the tide."

So goes the race, until the galleys near the rock which they have to round. Gyas sees that his steersman, from over-caution, is giving it too wide a berth, and that there is danger of the Scylla, more venturous, cutting in between. He shouts an order to keep closer in; but the old seaman is somewhat obstinate, and it is very soon too late. Cloanthus has seen his advantage, shot round the rock at very close quarters, and now leaves Gyas in the Chimæra behind. Burning with fury, Gyas turns on his steersman, and pitches him into the sea. Happily he can swim, and the rock is close at

hand; he climbs upon it, and sits there dripping, to the considerable amusement of the spectators, who, like all lookers-on, seem unmercifully alive to the ludicrous element in any disaster.

Deprived of her helmsman, the huge Chimæra loses her course for a moment, and the two galleys in the rear are quick to take advantage of it. The Shark and Centaur are now rounding the rock almost side by side. But Sergestus, in his eagerness not to lose an inch of advantage, emulates the manœuvre of the Scylla too closely, and takes the Centaur too near. Her broadside of oars touch some of the jutting crags, the oars are broken, and the boat's head takes the rock, and hangs there hard and fast. All efforts of the crew to get her off are unavailing. Mnestheus makes the dangerous turn safely on the outside of his rival, and his men, encouraged by success, redouble their efforts. The Chimæra has no good steersman to replace old Menœtes, who is still drying himself on the rock, and she is easily passed on the return course homewards. The struggle becomes now one of intense interest between Mnestheus and Cloanthus, who is still leading in the Scylla.

> "The cheers redouble from the shore;
> Heaven echoes with the wild uproar;
> Those blush to lose a conquering game,
> And fain would peril life for fame:
> These bring success their zeal to fan—
> They can, because they think they can."

The Shark has a stern chase, but the Scylla rows heavily, as we have been told, though she has the best crew, and the distance lessens at every stroke. Had the course been longer, the Shark would have made at least a dead heat of it. But as it is, amidst a storm of shouts, the Scylla wins. The turning-point of victory

is one which does not approve itself to modern readers. The sea-deities interfere. Standing high upon his quarter-deck, Cloanthus lifts his prayer to the powers of ocean, not to permit his prize to be snatched from him at the last. He vows an offering of a milk-white bull and libations of red wine if they will help him at his need.

> "He said; there heard him 'neath the sea
> The Nereid train and Panope;
> And with his hand divinely strong,
> Portunus* pushed the bark along."

Possibly, after all, the poet only means us to understand that this was Mnestheus's explanation of his defeat—that the luck was against him †

Cloanthus is crowned with bays as the victor of the day, and receives as his prize an embroidered robe of rare device—one of those miracles of divers colors of needlework in which the classical age seems to have as far excelled us as the mediæval ladies certainly did. Each crew receives three oxen and a supply of wine, while a talent of silver is divided amongst the men of the victorious Scylla. Mnestheus, as second in the race, wins a shirt of mail whose scales are of gold, which two of his attendants bear off with difficulty.

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* One of the Roman sea-deities.

† Such explanations of an unfavorable result are not entirely unknown in the annals of modern boat-races. Reasons of a very apocryphal kind, if not so boldly mythological, have been assigned by modern captains of crews for their having been beaten. When an unsuccessful oarsman recounts his deeds to a sympathetic audience, and "tells how fields were" *not* won, he is apt to complain that, in some form or other, the river-gods were unjust. The state of the tide, or an intruding barge, or an imprudent supper on the part of "No. 7," takes the place of Panope and Portunus.

The third of the captains has a pair of brazen caldrons and chased silver bowls. But while the awards are being distributed, the crippled Centaur has got off the rock, and is brought into harbor; and a Cretan slave-woman, with her twin children, is allotted, by the liberality of Æneas, as a consolation to her captain.

From the shore of the bay the company now move off to a natural amphitheatre close at hand, where the rest of the games are to be exhibited. Æneas takes his place high in the midst on an extemporized throne. For the foot-race, which comes first on the list, a crowd of competitors enter, both of native Sicilians and of their Trojan guests. Among the Sicilians are Salius and Patron, of Greek families settled in the island, and Helymus and Panopes, friends and companions of Acestes. The favorites among the Trojans are Diores, one of the many sons of Priam, and Nisus and Euryaluz, noted for their romantic friendship, of which we shall hear more hereafter. The prizes in this contest are a war-horse with full trappings for the first, an Amazonian quiver for the second, and a helmet—the spoil of some conquered Greek on the plain of Troy—for the third. Nisus goes off with a strong lead, and has the race easily in hand. Next him, but at a long interval, comes Salius, Euryalus lying third, Helymus and Diores, close together, fourth and fifth. But when within a short distance of the goal, Nisus slips up in the blood and filth which has been left uncleared at the spot where the oxen have been sacrificed, and falls heavily to the ground. Knowing himself to be out of the race, he determines that his dear Euryalus shall win. So, by a piece of most unjustifiable jockeyship, which ought to have led to his being warned off from all such contests for ever after, he

rises up at the moment that Salius is passing, and brings him down upon him. Euryalus has thus an easy victory, Helymus and Diores coming in second and third. Very naturally, there is much dispute about the award. Salius complains loudly of unfair play; but young Euryalus is handsome and popular, and Diores backs his claim energetically; for it is very evident that if Salius is adjudged the first prize, Euryalus the second, and Helymus the third, then he —Diores—will be nowhere. So the result is accepted by the judges as it stands. But Æneas quiets the reasonable objections of Salius by the present of a lion's hide with gilded claws. Then Nisus makes appeal for compensation, pointing out to the laughing spectators the blood and dirt which are the very disagreeable evidences of his mishap, and protesting, with a consummate impudence which suits with the popular humor, that the whole thing was an accident, and that he, as the winner that would have been, is the real object of commiseration. If a fall deserves a prize, who has so good a claim as the man who fell first? Again the generosity of Æneas answers the appeal, and Nisus is presented with a shield of the finest workmanship, another Greek trophy. Successful knavery, if the knave be somewhat of a humorist withal, always wins a sort of sympathy from the public—in the Augustan epic as well as in modern comedy.

The prizes of the foot-race having been thus decided, the lists are cleared for the boxing-match. The boxing-match of the classical ancients was very different indeed from a modern set-to. The combatants certainly wore gloves; but these were meant to add weight and force to the blow, not to deaden it. The stoutest champion of the modern prize-ring might shrink from

encountering an antagonist whose fists were bound round with strips of hardened ox-hide. But such was the "cæstus" which was worn by the pugilists of this heroic age. The prizes are displayed by Æneas; for the conqueror, a bull with gilded horns; a helmet and falchion for the loser. Up rises the Trojan Dares, whose strength and skill are well known. The only man whom he acknowledged as his superior in the ring was one whom we might have least expected—Paris, who certainly bears no such reputation in Homer. At the great games held in honor of the dead Hector, of which we have the very briefest note in the Iliad, Dares had defeated the hugh champion Butes, sprung from a race of athletes, and so mangled him that he died on the spot. No wonder that when he now steps forth, and goes through some preparatory sparring with the air, no one is found bold enough to put on the gloves with him. So, after a glance of triumph round the admiring circle, he advances to where the bull stands in front of Æneas, lays his hand upon its horns, and claims it as his rightful property in default of an antagonist.

King Acestes is concerned for the honor of Sicily. There is lying beside him on the grass a gray-haired chief named Entellus, sometime a pupil in this art of the great hero Eryx, who gave his name to the mountain which overhangs the place of assembly. Will he sit tamely by, Acestes asks, and see this Trojan boaster carry off the prize and the glory unchallenged? Entellus listens to his friend, and feels the old fire stir within him. He would willingly enter the ring once more for the honor of his native island,—

> "But strength is slack in limbs grown old,
> And aged blood runs dull and cold.

Had I the thing I once possessed,
Which makes yon braggart rear his crest,
Had I but youth, no need had been
Of gifts, to lure me to the green."

He rises from his seat, however, and throws down in the arena, by way of challenge, a pair of ancient gloves of a most murderous pattern. Seven folds of tough bull-hide have knobs of lead and iron sewn inside them. They are the gloves in which the hero Eryx fought his fatal battle with Hercules, whom he had rashly challenged, and they still bear the blood-stains of Eryx's previous victories. Dares, stout champion as he is, starts back in dismay when he sees them, and Æneas himself takes them up and handles them with wonder. Entellus, however, will not insist on using these; and two pair of less formidable manufacture and of equal weight are produced, with which the two heroes engage. Virgil's description of this ancient prize-fight is highly spirited. It may remind some readers, who are old enough to remember such things, of the bulletins of similar encounters between a "light-weight" and a "heavy-weight," furnished in past days by sporting writers to our own newspapers—with the happy omission of the slang of the ring:

"Raised on his toes each champion stands,
And fearless lifts in air his hands.
Their heads thrown back avoid the stroke;
Their mighty arms the fight provoke.
That on elastic youth relies,
This on vast limbs and giant size;
But the huge knees with age are slack,
And fitful gasps the deep chest rack.
Full many a blow the heroes rain
Each on the other, still in vain:
Their hollow sides return the sound,
Their battered chests the shock rebound:

'Mid ears and temples come and go
The wandering gauntlets to and fro:
The jarred teeth chatter 'neath the blow.
Firm stands Entellus in his place,
A column rooted on its base;
His watchful eye and shrinking frame
Alone avoid the gauntlet's aim.
Like leaguer who invests a town,
Or sits before a hill-fort down,
The younger champion tasks his art
To find the bulwark's weakest part;
This way and that unwearied scans,
And vainly tries a thousand plans.
Entellus, rising to the blow,
Puts forth his hand: the wary foe
Midway in air the mischief spied,
And, deftly shifting, slipped aside.
Entellus' force on air is spent:
Heavily down with prone descent
He falls, as from its roots uprent
A pine falls hollow, on the side
Of Erymanth or lofty Ide."

Acestes rushes in, like an attentive second, to raise his friend; and Entellus, roused to fury by his fall, renews the fight savagely:

"Ablaze with fury he pursues
The Trojan o'er the green,
And now his right hand deals the bruise,
And now his left as keen.
No pause, no respite: fierce and fast
As hailstones rattle down the blast
On sloping roofs, with blow on blow,
He buffets Dares to and fro."

The unhappy Dares is borne off by his friends in miserable plight,—with half his teeth knocked out, blood streaming from his face, and hardly able to stand. All the savage has been roused in Entellus's nature by the fight. He is not half satisfied that his

victim has escaped him. He would gladly have sacrificed him to the memory of his great master Eryx,—here, on the spot where that hero fought his own last fight. He lays his hand upon the bull, the prize of battle, and addresses Æneas and the spectators. Dryden's version of this passage, though it contains as much of Dryden as of Virgil, has justly been praised as very noble:

"'O goddess-born, and ye Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast;
Learn what I was by what remains, and know
From what impending fate you saved my foe!'
Sternly he spoke, and then confronts the bull;
And on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending pierced the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
'Then thus, in Dares' stead, I offer this:
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice;
Take the last gift my withered arms can yield—
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.'"

Mr. Conington has well remarked that here we have, no doubt, "the veteran combatant's feelings as conceived by the veteran poet." He wrote the lines in his sixty-second year, and they harmonize pathetically with the words in his dedication: "What I now offer to your lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age." We are not obliged to take this self-depreciation too literally: whatever may be the shortcomings of Dryden's translation, the hand of the old poet had no more lost its vigor than that of Entellus.

The archers are next to try their skill. In this contest Acestes himself takes part. The other competitors are Mnestheus, whose crew were just now second in the race; Eurytion, a brother of Pandarus, the great archer of the Iliad, whose treacherous arrow,

launched against Menelaus during the truce, had well-nigh turned the fate of Troy; and Hippocoon, of whom we know nothing more. He draws the first lot, and his arrow strikes the mast on which the mark, a live dove, is perched. Mnestheus shoots next, and cuts the cord which fetters her; and as she flies away a shaft from Eurytion's bow follows and kills her. There is nothing left for Acestes to do, but to shoot an arrow high in the air to show the strength of his hand and his bow. To the astonishment of the gazers, the arrow takes fire, and, leaving a trail of light on its path like a shooting-star, vanishes in the sky. It is an omen, as Æneas declares; it must be that the gods, in spite of facts, will him to be the real victor. So the prize—an embossed bowl, a present from the father of Hecuba to Anchises—is awarded to the Sicilian prince, even Eurytion, the actual winner, acquiescing heartily in the arrangement. Yet the omen, as the poet tells us, really boded disaster; though whether to Sicily or to the Trojans, or how it was afterwards fulfilled, he does not stop to explain. Commentators have, as a matter of duty, done so for him; but it is hardly worth while to vex ourselves with their conjectures on a point on which Æneas himself was mistaken.

The games are over—at least, so far as the public programme seems to have gone. But Æneas has a surprise in store for his hosts. He whispers privately to the governor or tutor of his son Iulus, while he requests the company once more to clear the amphitheatre. Soon there sweeps into the ring the young chivalry of Troy—a goodly company of mounted youths, all of noble blood, who are to play out their play before their assembled seniors.

"They enter, glittering side by side,
And rein their steeds with youthful pride,
As 'neath their fathers' eyes they ride,
While all Trinacria's host and Troy's
With plaudits greet the princely boys.
Each has his hair by rule confined
With stripped-off leaves in garland twined:
Some ride with shapely bows equipped:
Two cornel spears they bear, steel-tipped:
And wreaths of twisted gold invest
The neck, and sparkle on the breast.
Three are the companies of horse,
And three the chiefs that scour the course:
Twelve gallant boys each chief obey,
And shine in tripartite array.
Young Priam first, Polites' heir,
Well pleased his grandsire's name to bear,
Leads his gay troop, himself decreed
To raise up an Italian seed:
He prances forth, all dazzling bright,
On Thracian steed with spots of white:
White on its fetlock's front is seen,
And white the space its brows between.
Then Atys, next in place, from whom
The Atian family descend:
Young Atys, fresh with life's first bloom,
The boy Iulus' sweet boy-friend:
Iulus last, in form and face
Pre-eminent his peers above,
A courser rides of Tyrian race,
Memorial gift of Dido's love.
Sicilian steeds the rest bestride
From old Acestes' stalls supplied.
The Dardanids with mingling cheers
Relieve the young aspirants' fears,
And gaze delighted, as they trace
A parent's mien in each fair face.

"And now, when all from first to last
Beneath their kinsfolk's eyes had past,
Before the assembled crowd,

Epytides shrills forth from far
His signal-shout, as if for war,
  And cracks his whip aloud.
In equal parts the bands divide,
And gallop off on either side:
Then wheeling round in full career
Charge at a call with levelled spear
Again, again they come and go,
Through adverse spaces to and fro;
Circles in circles interlock,
And, sheathed in arms, the gazers mock
With mimicry of battle-shock.
And now they turn their backs in flight,
  Now put their spears in rest,
And now in amity unite,
  And ride the field abreast."

Such was the Ludus Trojæ—"The Game of Troy"—introduced, according to the poet, by Iulus in after-days into his new-built town of Alba, and borrowed from Alba by the Romans. Whatever its origin may have been, it was revived at Rome by Augustus, in his zeal for restorations of all kinds, as "an ancient and honorable institution." Princes of the imperial house—young Marcellus, and Tiberius the future emperor—rode, like Iulus, in the show; the emperor himself took a warm interest in it; and the eagerness of the young patricians to distinguish themselves in the various manœuvres before his eyes and those of their friends led to serious accidents. To one young horseman who was crippled by his fall Augustus gave a golden torque, and granted to him and his family permission to bear the name of "Torquatus"—renowned in the early annals of Rome. But other accidents happened, and led to such loud complaints that the sport was discontinued.

But while the eyes of Trojans and Sicilians are en-

gaged with this spectacle, a terrible proceeding has taken place down on the shore. The ships, as usual, are drawn up there hard and fast upon the sand. The Trojan matrons are gathered near them, making moan for the good Anchises—for the games are a spectacle for men. They are looking wistfully, too, across the sea, thinking how far they have sailed already, and how far they may yet have to sail. The watchful hate of Juno sees her opportunity. She despatches Iris down to them in the shape of one of their number—Beroe. She harangues them eloquently. How long will they be content to live this wandering life, in search of a distant home—which possibly has no existence but in deceitful prophecies?

The disguised Iris seizes a brand and rushes towards the ships. While the rest hesitate, one of their number detects the star-like eyes and celestial gait. It is not old Beroe—nay, she, to the witness's own knowledge, lies sick at this very moment in bed. It is no less than a visitor from heaven. They hesitate no longer: they snatch the embers from the altars, and in a moment the deed is done, and the galleys are in flames. The news is brought to Æneas just as the gay parade of youths is ending; and Ascanius gallops at once down to the shore, dashes his helmet on the ground that all may know him, and implores the furious women to stay their hands. Do they fancy they are burning the war-ships of the Greeks? His voice recalls them to themselves, and in guilty fear and shame they fly to hide themselves among the rocks and woods. Æneas rends his clothes, and appeals to Jupiter. The ruler of the sky hears, and sends down a thunder-shower which drenches everything on sea and shore, so that all but four galleys escape with little damage.

But Æneas is troubled at heart. May not this mad instinct of the women be right, after all? Were it not better to rest here in Sicily, than wander on again over the weary ocean in quest of this Western Land? He takes counsel with the Nestor of the fleet—the aged Nautes—to whom the goddess of wisdom has given an understanding spirit beyond his fellows. The old seaman's motto is one of the poet's noblest utterances*—

> "Whate'er betides, he only cures
> The stroke of fortune who endures."

He bids his chief take counsel, too, with Acestes. In the visions of the night the shade of his father Anchises once more appears to him, and gives the same advice as Nautes. It is settled that the women and the old men, and all that are weary and faint-hearted, shall be left behind in Sicily, while the picked band of good men and true sail on with their leader into the west; thus their reduced number of ships will yet suffice them.† The damaged galleys are hastily repaired, and the foundations of a new town are marked out for the Trojan settlers: it is to be called Acesta, in honor of their kind host. The parting of the wanderers from their friends is a fine passage, finely rendered:

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* "Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est."

† Virgil himself has no word of reproach for these weaker spirits, who thus preferred the rest of Sicily to the far-off hopes of Hesperia. But his impassioned pupil Dante is less merciful: he classes them in his "Purgatory" with the murmuring Israelites:

> "First they died, to whom the sea
> Opened, or ever Jordan saw his heirs;
> And they who with Æneas to the end
> Endured not suffering, for their portion chose
> Life without glory."
>
> Purg. xviii. (Cary.)

"With kindliness of gentle speech
The good Æneas comforts each,
And to their kinsman prince commends
With tears his subjects and his friends.
Three calves to Eryx next he kills;
A lambkin's blood to Tempest spills,
And bids them loose from land:
With olive-leaves he binds his brow,
Then takes his station on the prow,
A charger in his hand,
Flings out the entrails on the brine,
And pours a sacred stream of wine.
Fair winds escort them o'er the deep:
With emulous stroke the waves they sweep."

Chapter VI.

THE SIBYL AND THE SHADES.

The Sea-god, at Venus's intercession for her son, sends Æneas and his crews calm seas and prosperous gales. One victim only the Fates demand; Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas's ship, gives way to sleep during the quiet watches of the night, slips overboard, and is lost. The poet has clothed the whole story in a transparent mythological allegory, and which must have been intended to be transparent. Sleep is personified; Palinurus resists his first temptations; but the god waves over his eyes a bough steeped in dews of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, and the unhappy steersman can hold out no longer. The accident happens near the shore of the twin Sirens, of whose seductions Homer has told us in the wanderings of Ulysses:

"A perilous neighborhood of yore
And white with mounded bones,
Where the hoarse sea with far-heard roar
Keeps washing o'er the stones."

Æneas discovers his loss by the unsteady course of the galley, and takes the helm himself, until he brings the little fleet safe into the harbor of Cumæ. The crews disembark, with the joy which these seamen of old always felt when they touched land again, and proceed at once to search for water, cut wood, and light fires:

> "Sage Dædalus—so runs the tale—
> From Minos bent to fly,
> On feathery pinions dared to sail
> Along the untravelled sky;
> Flies northward through the polar heights,
> Nor stays till he on Cumæ lights.
> First landed here, he consecrates
> The wings whereon he flew
> To Phœbus' power, and dedicates
> A fane of stately view."

Here Æneas consults the mysterious Sibyl, whose oracular verses are referred to in Virgil's Pastoral already noticed. She figures under various names in classical story—that which she bears here is Deiphobè. Her dwelling is in a cave in the rock behind the temple, with which it communicates by a hundred doors. Within sits the prophetess on a tripod, where she receives the inspiration of the god. When the oracle is pronounced, the doors all fly open, and the sound comes forth. But there is one way in which she is wont to give her answers, against which Helenus has already warned her present visitors. She has a habit of jotting down her responses in verse upon the leaves of trees—each verse apparently on a separate leaf—and then piling them one upon another in her cave. When the doors fly open, the gust of wind whirls the leaves here and there in all directions; and the ambiguities which are proper to all oracles are considerably increased in the process of rearranging the several leaves into any-

thing like coherent order—the Sibyl herself disdaining all further interference. So that many of her clients go away without having received any intelligible answer at all, and from that time forth "hate the very name of the Sibyl." A modern writer,* whose poetical taste has made him one of the most interesting critics of Virgil, has thought that the confusion of the prophetic leaves was meant to symbolize the idea that the will of the gods was made known to mortals only in disjointed utterances, and under no regular law of order. Æneas, therefore, in his appeal to the prophetess, begs her specially to give her answer by word of mouth.

Deiphobè proceeds to the seat of augury, and goes through the terrible struggle which, according to all legends, invariably accompanied this form of prophecy. Even when she comes in view of the awful doors, the influence begins:

"Her visage pales its hue,
Her locks dishevelled fly,
Her breath comes thick, her wild heart glows;
Dilating as the madness grows,
Her form looks larger to the eye,
Unearthly peals her deep-toned cry,
As breathing nearer and more near
The God comes rushing on his seer."

The paroxysms increase after she has entered the cave, and is in the agonies of inspiration:

"The seer, impatient of control,
Raves in the cavern vast,
And madly struggles from her soul
The incumbent power to cast.
He, mighty Master, plies the more
Her foaming mouth, all chafed and sore,

* Keble.

Tames her wild heart with plastic hand,
And makes her docile to command."

At last all the hundred doors fly open at once, and the voice of destiny comes forth. The wanderers shall reach Latium safely, but they shall wish they had never reached it.

"War, dreadful war, and Tiber flood,
I see incarnadined with blood;
Simois and Xanthus, and the plain
Where Greece encamped shall rise again:
A new Achilles, goddess-born,
The destinies provide,
And Juno, like a rankling thorn,
Shall never quit your side.
. . . . .
The old, old cause shall stir the strife—
A stranger bed, a foreign wife.
Yet still despond not, but proceed
Along the path where Fate may lead."

Æneas hears,—undismayed. He is a true hero so far, that he is always equal to his fate. One request he makes of the Sibyl,—that he may visit the shades below, the entrance to which is said to lie here, within the prophetess's domain, and there see again the face of his father. Deiphobè consents, but not without the solemn warning, often quoted to point a far higher moral than the heathen poet was likely to have conceived—so often, that the Latin words themselves are probably familiar even to those who profess but little Latin scholarship:

"Facilis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atra janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

Their terseness and pathos are not easy to reproduce

in any other language, but Mr. Conington has done it as well, perhaps, as it could be done:

> "The journey down to the Abyss
> Is prosperous and light;
> The palace-gates of gloomy Dis
> Stand open day and night;
> But upward to retrace the way,
> And pass into the light of day,—
> There comes the stress of labor—this
> May task a hero's might."

Few are they of mortal birth who, by the special grace of the gods, have achieved that desperate venture with success. Still, if Æneas is determined to attempt it, she will teach him the secret of the passage. Deep in the shades of the neighboring forest there grows a tree which bears a golden bough, which he must find and carry with him into the regions of the dead; it is the gift which Proserpine, who reigns there, claims from all who enter her court.

Accompanied by his faithful Achates, Æneas enters the woods in quest of the golden bough. The search seems in vain, until two white doves, the birds of his goddess-mother Venus, make their appearance, and, leading the way by short successive flights, draw the seekers on to the wondrous tree, on which they at last alight. The hero makes prize of the golden branch, with which he returns to the Sibyl. Under her directions he offers the due sacrifices to the infernal powers —four black bulls, a barren heifer, and a black ewe-lamb—and then, still under the leading of the prophetess, with drawn sword in his hand, he enters the mouth of Hades.

> "Along the illimitable shade
> Darkling and lone their way they made,

Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
An empty void, though tenanted.
So travellers in a forest move
With but the uncertain moon above,
Beneath her niggard light,
When Jupiter has hid from view
The heaven, and Nature's every hue
Is lost in blinding night.

'At Orcus' portals hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care;
And pale Diseases cluster there,
And pleasureless Decay,
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
A ghastly presence they:
Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother Sleep:
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
And deadly War are at the door;
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddens and rebels;
Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip gore.

"Full in the midst an aged elm
Broods darkly o'er the shadowy realm:
There dream-land phantoms rest the wing,
Men say, and 'neath its foliage cling.
And many monstrous shapes beside
Within the infernal gates abide;
There Centaurs, Scyllas, fish and maid,
There Briareus' hundred-handed shade,
Chimæra armed with flame,
Gorgons and Harpies make their den,
With the foul pest of Lerna's fen,
And Geryon's triple frame."

Then they come in sight of the rivers of Hell—Acheron, Cocytus, and Styx. The relative physical geography is somewhat confused by the poet, but it is the Styx on which the Ferryman of the Shades, the surly Charon,—

"Grim, squalid, foul, with aspect dire,
His eyeballs each a globe of fire,"—

plies his office of transporting the dead, performing the duties which Homer assigns to Mercury. But it is not all who even in death are allowed to pass the gloomy river. Only those who have received all due rites of burial can claim to enter the final abode of spirits at once; those unhappy ones who from any cause lie unburied have to wander, moaning and shivering, on the other side, for a space of a hundred years. So the Sibyl explains to Æneas, when he marks with surprise how the shades all crowd eagerly to the boat-side praying for admission, and how the grisly ferryman drives some back with his oar. It is a sad thought to the hero; for amongst the rejected he sees some of his own companions who had perished in the storm off the coast of Carthage. Among them, too, he sees the figure of his late pilot Palinurus, who tells him the story of his unhappy fate; how, after all, he was not drowned, but, clinging to the piece of rudder which had broken away with him, had drifted three days and nights upon the waves, and had at last swam ashore on the fated coast of Italy. There the cruel natives had attacked and killed him, as he struggled up the cliffs; and now his corpse lies tossed to and fro amid the breakers in the harbor of Velia. He prays of his leader either to sail back there and to

"Give him a little earth for charity;"

or, by his influence with these Powers below, to get the law of exclusion relaxed in his favor. This last request the Sibyl rebukes at once, as utterly inorthodox and heretical; but comforts him at the same time with the assurance that the barbarous natives shall be

plagued by heaven for their abominable deed, nor shall they find deliverance until they solemnly propitiate his shade by the erection of a mound and the establishment of funeral honors, and call the spot by the name of Palinurus—which name, the Sibyl declares, shall endure there forever. The oracular voice in this case was not deceitful: the place, or supposed place, is still called "Punta di Palinuro." Virgil's imperial audience might know it well, for Augustus was very nearly himself becoming a sacrifice on that very spot to the manes of the ancient pilot, many of his ships having been cast away on that very headland.

Charon is by no means gracious to the intruders. At first he warns them off. He has no pleasant recollections of former visitors from upper air, who, without the proper qualification of being previously dead and duly burnt or buried, had made their way against all rule into this abode of shadows. Hercules had come there, and carried off their watchful guardian Cerberus: Theseus and his friend Pirithous had even tried to do the same by Proserpine.

> "My laws forbid me to convey
> Substantial forms of breathing clay.
> 'Twas no good hour that made me take
> Alcides o'er the nether lake,
> Nor found I more auspicious freight
> In Theseus and his daring mate;
> Yet all were Heaven's undoubted heirs,
> And prowess more than man's was theirs.
> That from our monarch's footstool dragged
> The infernal watch-dog, bound and gagged;
> These strove to force from Pluto's side
> Our mistress, his imperial bride."

The Sibyl bids Charon have no fears of this kind now—Cerberus and Proserpine are safe from all designs on the

part of her companion. This is Æneas of Troy, known for his "piety" as widely as fos his deeds of arms. He does but seek an interview with his sire Anchises. But, if Charon be deaf to all such arguments,—she shows the golden bough. The passport is irresistible. Sullenly, and without a word of reply, the dark boatman brings his craft to shore, and bids the freight of ghosts clear the decks and make room for his living passengers. The boat groans, its seams open and let in the water, as the substantial flesh and blood steps on board.* So, in the Iliad of Homer, the mortal horses

* The rickety state of Charon's boat was always a fertile source of wit to the freethinkers among the classical satirists. Lucian, in one of his very amusing dialogues, makes Charon complain of his passengers bringing luggage with them: "My boat is something rotten, look you, and lets in a good deal of water at the seams; if you come on board with all that luggage you may repent it—especially those of you who can't swim."—(Dial. Mort., x.) So in another dialogue Menippus thinks it hard to be asked to pay for his passage over, when "he helped to bale the boat all the way." It may be observed that the boat is said to be made of hide, stretched on a wooden frame, like the "coracles" of the Britons, still in use on some of the Welsh rivers. There may be some connection with an ancient tradition which would identify the "white rock" of which Homer speaks (Od., xxiv. 11) as marking the entrance to the regions of the dead with the cliffs of our own island—"Albion." A curious old legend of the coast of France gives some color to the interpretation. There was a tribe of fishermen who were exempted from payment of tribute, on the ground that they ferried over into Britain the souls of the departed. At nightfall, when they were asleep (so the legend ran), they would be awakened by a loud knocking at their doors, and voices calling them, and feel a strange compulsion to go down to the seashore. There they found boats, not their own, ready launched, and to all appearance empty. When they stepped on board and began to ply their oars they found the boats move as though they were heavily laden, sinking within a finger's breadth of the water's edge; but they saw no man. Within an hour, as

and earthly chariot of Diomed groan and strain under their immortal burden, when Minerva takes her seat beside the champion.

Cerberus, in spite of Hercules, is at home again, and on the watch. His three heads and snake-wreathed neck are lifted in fury at the sight of strangers, and his bark rings through the shades. But the Sibyl has brought with her a medicated cake, which she throws down to him: he eats, and falls at once into a heavy sleep.

Then, led by the Sibyl, the Trojan chief passes through the various regions of the world below. First they hear the cries of those infants who but just knew life in the world above, and then were snatched away from its enjoyment.* Next them come those who have been condemned to death by an unjust judgment, and for whom Minos here sits as judge of appeals. In the next region are those unhappy ones—

> "Who all for loathing of the day
> In madness threw their lives away:
> How gladly now in upper air
> Contempt and beggary would they bear,
> And labor's sorest pain!

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it seemed, they reached the opposite coast—a voyage which i their own boats they hardly made in a whole day and night. Whe they touched the shore of Britain still they saw no shape, bi t they heard voices welcoming their ghostly passengers, and calling each of the dead by name and rank. Then having got rid, as it seemed, of their invisible freight, they put off again for home, feeling their boats so sensibly lightened that hardly more than the keel touched the water.—See Gesner's notes on Claudian, iii. 123; Procopius, De Bell. Goth., iv 20.

* We have here the foundation of the fanciful doctrine of a Limbo Infantum, held by some doctors of the Romish Church—a kind of vestibule to the greater Purgatory, in which were placed the souls of such children as died before they were old enough to be admitted to the sacraments.

Fate bars the way: around their keep
The slow unlovely waters creep,
And bind with threefold chain."

Suicide was no crime in the early pagan creed; but Virgil has to a certain degree adopted the Platonic notion, that to take away one's own life was to desert the post of duty. It is remarkable how thoroughly he adopts Homer's view of the incomparable superiority of the life of the upper world to the best possible estate in the land of shadows. We have here again the sad lament of Achilles in the Iliad—that the life of a slave on earth was more to be desired than the colorless existence of the heroes in Elysium.

Passing from these outer circles, the travellers reach the "Mourning Fields," in which the poet places all the victims of love. If there was any doubt as to his view of the passion—that it was a lower appetite, excusable enough in man, but in a woman either to be reprobated or pitied according to circumstances—it would be set at rest by the characters of those victims with whom he peoples this unlovely region. Grouped together with such devoted wives as Evadne, who, when her husband fell in the Trojan war, slew herself for grief upon his funeral pile, and Laodamia, whose only crime was that by her too urgent prayers she won back her dead Protesilaus to her embrace for a few fleeting moments, and died of joy in his arms,* we find

* "Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears;
Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis vain,
The hours are past—too brief, had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

the treacherous Eriphyle, who, for the bribe of a golden necklace, persuaded her husband Amphiarus to go to his predestined death in the same war, and even such disgraces to their sex as were Phædra and Pasiphae. In these Mourning Fields Æneas meets one whom he would, it may be conceived, have very gladly avoided. Half veiled in mist, seen dimly like the moon through a cloud, Dido stands before him there: and thus, for the first time, he is made certain of her death. Æneas is ready with regrets, and even tears.

> "She on the ground averted kept
> Hard eyes that neither smiled nor wept;
> Nor bated more of her stern mood,
> Than if a monument she stood."

At last, without a word, she turns from her false lover, and seeks in the dim groves the society of her dead husband Sichæus.

The Sibyl leads her companion on to the Field of the Heroes. There he sees the mighty men of old: the chiefs who fought against Thebes in the great siege which preceded that of Troy—Tydeus, and Adrastus, and Parthenopæus. There, too, are the shades of his own companions in arms, who fell in defence of their city. Among these last is one who has another tale to tell of the abominable Helen. It is Deiphobus, one of the many sons of Priam, to whom Helen had been

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> "By no weak pity might the gods be moved;
> She who thus perished, not without the crime
> Of lovers that in Reason's spite have loved,
> Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
> Apart from happy ghosts that gather flowers
> Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."
>
> —WORDSWORTH'S "Laodamia."

given after the death of Paris. Æneas is shocked to see the unsubstantial shape of the prince bearing the marks of barbarous mutilation; his hands lopped, his face gashed, and his ears and nostrils cut off. (For, even in this shadowy existence, the ghosts all bear the marks of violent death—Dido's self-inflicted wound being specially mentioned.) Æneas asks the history of this terrible disfigurement, and Deiphobus tells it at some length: how the double traitoress, who was then his wife, had led Menelaus and his companion, the accursed Ulysses, to the chamber where he lay sunk in sleep on the disastrous night of the city's capture, and how they two had thus mangled his body.

But the Sibyl warns her companion, who stands absorbed in grief at his comrade's fate, that the permitted hours of their visit are fast passing away. She guides him on to where the path they are treading divides, leading in one direction to the Elysian Fields, in the other to Tartarus,—for the district which they have explored already is represented as of an entirely neutral character. On the left, Æneas sees rise before him the broad bastions of Tartarus, round which flows the fiery stream of Phlegethon:

"In front a portal stands displayed,
On adamantine columns stayed;
Nor mortal nor immortal foe
Those massy gates could overthrow.
An iron tower of equal might
In air uprises steep;
Tisiphonè, in red robes dight,
Sits on the threshold day and night,
With eyes that know not sleep.
Hark! from within there issue groans,
The cracking of the thong,
The clank of iron o'er the stones
Dragged heavily along."

Æneas asks of his companion the meaning of these fearful sounds. They are the outcries of the wicked in torment. They may not be seen by human eyes; but Deiphobè herself has been shown all the horrible secrets of their prison-house by Hecate, when intrusted by that goddess with the charge of the entrance to the Shades. She tells Æneas how Rhadamanthus sits in judgment there, and forces the wicked to confess their deeds. Crimes successfully concealed on earth are there made manifest; then the culprit is handed over to the Furies for punishment. Such punishments are various as the crimes; strange and horrible in the cases of extraordinary offenders,—especially against the majesty of the gods. In the lowest gulf of all,—

> "Where Tartarus, with sheer descent,
> Dips 'neath the ghost-world twice as deep
> As towers above earth's continent
> The height of heaven's Olympian steep,"—

lie the twin giants, sons of Aloeus, who sought to storm heaven, and hurl Jupiter from his throne. There, too, is chained Salmoneus, who, counterfeiting the thunder and lightning of the Olympian ruler, was struck down by the force which he profanely imitated. Tityos, son of Earth, who dared to offer violence to the goddess Latona, lies there also, suffering the punishment assigned by the Greek mythologists to Prometheus:

> "O'er acres nine from end to end
> His vast unmeasured limbs extend;
> A vulture on his liver preys:
> The liver fails not, nor decays:
> Still o'er that flesh which breeds new pangs,
> With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
> Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
> And searches for her food;

Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
Nor lets the filament have rest,
To endless pain renewed."

Virgil is here more literally orthodox, and less philosophical in his creed, than his master Lucretius. For he, too, knew the story of Tityos, but saw in it only an allegory; "every man is a Tityos," says the elder poet, "whose heart is torn and racked perpetually by his own evil lusts and passions." Other and various torments has the Sibyl seen; for the selfish and covetous, for the adulterer, for the betrayer of trust, and the spoiler of the orphan; the feast ever spread before the hungry eyes and ever vanishing; the rock overhanging the head of the guilty, ever ready to fall; the stone that has to be rolled with vast labor up the hill, only to roll back again for ever; and, most remarkable of all punishments, the doom of the restless adventurer Theseus for his attempt on Proserpine—to sit for ever in perpetual inactivity. And amidst them all rings out the warning voice of Phlegyas (condemned for having set fire to the temple of Apollo) from his place of torment:

"Be warned—learn righteousness—and reverence heaven."

Here again we have, it may be, a protest against the teaching of Lucretius: a distinct rejection, on Virgil's part, of the materialistic doctrine which would deny a divine Providence and human responsibility.

The whole conception of Virgil's hell is grand and terrific. Highly material and sensational, it is hardly more so than mediæval divines and artists have represented; and indeed it is more than probable that, consciously or unconsciously, they often adopted pagan notions on the subject. In its moral teaching, whether the poet intended his descriptions to be taken in their

literal sense or interpreted in the way of parable, his creed has at least the essential elements of truth.

But now the visitors turn their steps towards the Elysian Fields, and after duly hanging up the golden bough at the gate for Proserpine's acceptance, they enter those abodes of the blest:

> "Green spaces, folded in with trees,
> A paradise of pleasaunces;
> Around the champaign mantles bright
> The fulness of purpureal light;
> Another sun and stars they know,
> That shine like ours, but shine below."

There are assembled the illustrious dead—warriors who have died for their country; priests of unstained life; bards who have never perverted their powers; all who have been benefactors of mankind,—

> "A goodly brotherhood, bedight
> With coronals of virgin white."

Shadows as they are, all the items of their happiness are material. The games of the palæstra, the song of the bard, the care of ghostly horses and ghostly chariots, form the interests of this world of spirits—the interests of earth, without earth's substantial realities. The poet found his imagination fail him, as it fails us all, when he tries to paint the details of an incorporeal existence.

Among these happy spirits the hero finds his father Anchises. He recognizes and addresses him. Anchises had expected the visit, and receives him with such tears of joy as spirits may shed. But when Æneas strives to embrace him, the conditions of this spiritual world forbid it:

> "Thrice strove the son his sire to clasp;
> Thrice the vain phantom mocked his grasp:
> No vision of the drowsy night,
> No airy current, half so light."

The occupation of Anchises in these regions is much more philosophical than that which is assigned to the other shades. He is contemplating the unborn rulers of the Rome that is to be; the spirits, as yet incorporeal, which are soon to receive a new body, and so go forth into upper air. Deep in a forest lies the river Lethe, and a countless multitude of forms are seen thronging its banks, to drink of the water of forgetfulness. Oblivious of all their past lives, they will thus take their place once more, in changed bodies, among the inhabitants of earth. The poet's adaptation of the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration is none of the clearest; but he signifies that, after the lapse of a thousand years in a kind of Purgatory below, these spirits are again summoned to play their part, in new bodies, upon earth. Anchises can read their destinies; and he points out to his son the shadowy forms, like the kings in "Macbeth," that are to be the kings and consuls of the great Roman nation. First, those who shall reign in Alba—Silvius, that shall be born to Æneas in his new home, Capys, and Numitor; young Romulus, son of the war-god (he wears already the two-crested helmet in right of his birth), who shall transplant the sceptre to the seven-hilled city, and the kings that shall succeed him there. He shows him, too, those who shall make the future great names of the Republic—Brutus, the Decii, Camillus, Fabius, and the Scipios. But the centre of the picture is reserved for one great house:

"Turn hither now your ranging eye:
Behold a glorious family,
Your sons and sons of Rome:
Lo! Cæsar there and all his seed,
Iulus' progeny, decreed
To pass 'neath heaven's high dome.

This, this is he, so oft the theme
Of your prophetic fancy's dream,
Augustus Cæsar, god by birth;
Restorer of the age of gold
In lands where Saturn ruled of old:
O'er Ind and Garamant extreme
Shall stretch his reign, that spans the earth.
Look to that land which lies afar
Beyond the path of sun or star,
Where Atlas on his shoulder rears
The burden of the incumbent spheres.
Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear
The muttered voice of many a seer,
And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,
Their coming conqueror know."

The future glories of Rome are described in a grand and well-known passage, to the majestic rhythm of which no English translator seems able to do full justice. The poet contrasts the warlike genius of his countrymen with the softer accomplishments of their rivals:

"Others with softer hand may mould the brass,
Or wake to warmer life the marble mass;
Plead at the bar with more prevailing force,
Or trace more justly heaven's revolving course:
Roman! be thine the sovereign arts of sway
To rule, and make the subject world obey;
Give peace its laws; respect the prostrate foe;
Abase the lofty, exalt the low."

—SYMMONS.*

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* But none of the recognized translations seem to come so near the spirit of the original as Lord Macaulay's paraphrase—for of course it is only a paraphrase—in his lay of "The Prophecy of Capys:"

"Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore:

One personal sketch the poet's art had reserved to the last. Anchises points out to his visitor the shade that is to be the great Marcus Marcellus, five times consul—the "Sword of Rome," as Fabius was said to be its Shield, in the long wars with Carthage, and the conqueror of Syracuse. By his side moves the figure of an armed youth, tall and beautiful, but whose face is sad, and his eyes fixed on the ground. The company of shadows crowd round him, murmuring their admiration. Who is it? Æneas asks. It is the young Marcellus of the Empire, the hope and promise of Rome —the son of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and destined, as many thought, to be his successor. Unwillingly Anchises replies to his son's question:

"Ah son! compel me not to speak
The sorrows of our race!
That youth the Fates but just display
To earth, nor let him longer stay:
With gifts like these for aye to hold,
Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.
Ah! what a groan from Mars's plain
Shall o'er the city sound!
How wilt thou gaze on that long train,
Old Tiber, rolling to the main
Beside his ne-wraised mound!
No youth of Ilium's seed inspires
With hope as fair his Latian sires:
Nor Rome shall dandle on her knee
A nursling so adored as he.
O piety! O ancient faith!
O hand untamed in battle scathe!
No foe had lived before his sword,
Stemmed he on foot the war's red tide

Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
Roman, the sword is thine;
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line."

Or with relentless rowel gored
His foaming charger's side.
Dear child of pity! shouldst thou burst
The dungeon-bars of Fate accurst,
Our own Marcellus thou!
Bring lilies here, in handfuls bring:
Their lustrous blooms I fain would fling
Such honor to a grandson's shade
By grandsire hands may well be paid:
Yet O! it 'vails not now!"

He had died not long before, in his twentieth year, intensely lamented both by his family and the people.

The recital of the passage by the poet before his imperial audience had a more striking effect than even he himself could have expected. Octavia swooned away, and had to be removed by her attendants,—sending, however, magnificent presents afterwards to the poet for his eulogy on her dead son.*

The biographers add, that Augustus commanded Virgil to read no further on that day, and that the poet replied he had already ended the subject. He has not much more to say in this Sixth Book. Anchises gives his son some prophetic intimations as to his future fortunes in Italy, and then escorts his visitors to the gates of Sleep.

"Sleep gives his name to portals twain:
One all of horn, they say,
Through which authentic spectres gain
Quick exit into day,
And one which bright with ivory gleams,
Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.

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* Virgil is said to have received from her what would amount, in our money, to above £2000—"a round sum," remarks Dryden, with something like professional envy, "for twenty-seven verses."

Conversing still, the sire attends
The travellers on their road,
And through the ivory portal sends
From forth the unseen abode."

The lines have been taken to mean that this visit to the Shades was, after all, but a dream.

Chapter VII.

THE TROJANS LAND IN LATIUM.

It has been said that this poem combines in some degree the characters both of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. Up to this point we have had the wanderings and adventures of the Trojan hero: he has been the Ulysses of his own tale. Henceforth we have a tale of the camp and the battle-field, of siege and defence, and personal combat; and we are reminded, in almost every passage, of the stirring scenes of the Iliad.

Æneas, on his ascent into upper air, rejoins his crew, and the fleet, setting sail from Cumæ, enters the noble harbor of Caieta. Not that the place had any such name as yet· but there the hero buries his old nurse, and gives her name to the spot. Once more embarking, they pass the promontory of Circe, and hear, as they sail by, the roars and yells of the unhappy prisoners, changed by the spells of the sorceress into the shape of brutes, whom she holds in bondage there. They listen and shudder, and bless the favoring gale which bears them away from such perilous neighborhood. Then, with the morrow's dawn, the fleet enters the mouth of the Tiber. The picture of the galleys going up the stream is very beautiful:

"The sea was reddening with the dawn:
The queen of morn on high
Was seen in rosy chariot drawn
Against a saffron sky,
When on the bosom of the deep
The Zephyrs dropped at once to sleep,
And, struck with calm, the tired oars strain
Against the smooth unmoving main.
Now from the deep Æneas sees
A mighty grove of glancing trees.
Embowered amid the silvan scene
Old Tiber winds his banks between,
And in the lap of ocean pours
His gulfy stream, his sandy stores.
Around, gay birds of diverse wing,
Accustomed there to fly or sing,
Were fluttering on from spray to spray
And soothing ether with their lay.
He bids his comrades turn aside
And landward set each vessel's head,
And enters in triumphant pride
The river's shadowy bed."

War is now the subject, and Homer is the model. Yet the Roman poet never shows his individual genius more strongly than in his treatment of the external scenery amidst which his action lies. He is still the worshipper of Nature, even while he sets himself to sing of battles, as he was in his Pastorals and Georgics. Homer tells us of the rivers of the Troad, Simois and Scamander—but it is only as they affect Hector or Achilles; his heart is all the while with the combatants, not with the flowing river. Not so Virgil: with him we feel the cool breeze, we see the glancing shadow of the trees upon the river, we hear the flutter of the startled birds, and the long plash of the oars in the water: we sail with Æneas on a party of pleasure, rather than a voyage of conquest.

Latium is reached at last. They moor their galleys

under the trees which fringe the river-banks, and land to make their morning meal. It is but a scant one. Such wild fruits as they can collect are laid upon the wheaten cakes which they have brought with them, and when the fruit is finished they attack the cakes themselves. "Lo!" exclaims Iulus—"we are eating our tables!" Joyfully Æneas recognizes, in the boy's involuntary interpretation, the fulfilment of the curse of the Harpies,* and of certain strange words of his father Anchises, that when they were reduced to "eat their tables," then they had found their destined home, and might begin to build their city. This, then, is their promised rest. He pours libations and offers prayers to the gods of the land, and peals of thunder from a cloudless sky seem to announce that the invocation is accepted.

As soon as the moon rises, scouts are sent out to explore the country. The king of the land is old Latinus, whose palace is near at hand. He has one only daughter, Lavinia, for whose hand all the neighboring princes have long been suitors. Turnus of Ardea, the gallant chief of the Rutuli, tallest and handsomest of all the rivals, has the goodwill of the queen-mother; the maiden's own choice in such a matter being the last consideration which would enter into the thought of a Roman poet. When the Trojan chief has thus informed himself in some measure as to the localities, he sends a formal embassy to King Latinus's court, carrying presents in token of goodwill. Meanwhile he busies himself in hurriedly marking out the boundaries of his new town, and fencing it round with an earthen rampart and a palisade.

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* See p. 61.

The strangers are ushered into the presence of Latinus, where he sits in his ancestral palace, surrounded by the cedar statues of the demi-gods and heroes of his line.

> "There too were spoils of bygone wars
> Hung on the portals,—captive cars,
> Strong city-gates with massive bars,
> And battle-axes keen,
> And plumy cones from helmets shorn,
> And beaks from vanquished vessels torn,
> And darts, and bucklers sheen."

He knows at once who his visitors are. Strange portents had long disturbed his court, and had warned him that his daughter must wed with no prince of Latian race: that a foreign host and a stranger bridegroom will come to claim her, and that the kings who shall spring from this union will spread the Latian name from sea to sea. He inquires the strangers' errand courteously, and the Trojan Ilioneus, as spokesman of the embassy, thus makes reply:

> "We come not to your friendly coast
> By random gale o'er ocean tost,
> Nor land nor star has made us stray
> From our determined line of way:
> Of steady purpose one and all
> We flock beneath your city wall,
> Driven from an empire, greater none
> Within the circuit of the sun.
> Jove is our sire: to Jove's high race
> We, Dardans born, our lineage trace:
> Jove's seed, the monarch we obey,
> Æneas, sends us here to-day.
> How fierce a storm from Argus sent
> On Ida's plains its fury spent,
> How Fate in dire collision hurled
> The eastern and the western world,
> E'en he has heard, whom earth's last verge
> Just separates from the circling surge,

And he who, to his kind unknown,
Dwells midmost 'neath the torrid zone.
Swept by that deluge o'er the foam
For our lorn gods we ask a home:
A belt of sand is all we crave,
And man's free birthright, air and wave.
We shall not shame your Latin crown,
Nor light shall be your own renown,
Nor time obliterate the debt,
Nor Italy the hour regret
When Troy with outstretched arms she met.
I swear it by Æneas' fate,
By that right hand which makes him great,
In peace and war approved alike
A friend to aid, a foe to strike.
Full oft have mighty nations—nay,
Disdain not that unsought we pray,
Nor deem that wreaths and lowly speech
The grandeur of our name impeach—
Full oft with zeal and earnest prayers
Have nations wooed us to be theirs;
But Heaven's high fate, with stern command,
Impelled us still to this your land.
Here Dardanus was born, and here
  Apollo bids our race return:
To Tyrrhene Tiber points the seer
  And pure Numicius' hallowed urn.
These presents to our hands convey,
Scant relics of a happier day,
From burning Ilium snatched away.
From this bright gold before the shrine
His sire Anchises poured the wine:
With these adornments Priam sate
'Mid gathering crowds in kingly state,
The sceptre and the diadem:
Troy's women wrought the vesture's hem."

The king muses thoughtfully for a while: but he recognizes the fulfilment of the auguries. Let Æneas come —he is welcome. If this be the bridegroom sent by heaven, he shall be more welcome still. He sends back

the ambassadors in right royal fashion, all mounted on choice horses from his own stud, and with a chariot of honor to convey their chief to an interview.

Juno's relentless hatred is stirred once more. Will neither fire nor sword kill, nor water drown, these accursed Trojans? Shall she, the Queen of Heaven, be baffled by a mortal like Æneas? If it be written in the fates that he is to wed Lavinia, her marriage dower shall be paid in Trojan and Latian blood. Venus shall find that she, like Hecuba, has borne a firebrand—that Æneas, like Paris, shall light a flame that shall consume his nation. If the powers of heaven will not take her part, she will seek aid from hell. She summons the Fury Alecto from the shades below, and bids her sow strife between the people of Latinus and their foreign visitors.

The Fury, rejoicing in her errand, seeks the chamber of Latinus's queen, and darts into her breast one of the living serpents that serve her for coils of hair. Straightway the queen is seized with madness, and, after vainly trying to rouse her husband to oppose this foreign marriage, she rushes like a Bacchanal through the neighboring villages, and calls upon the mothers of Latium to avenge her wrongs and rescue her daughter.

Next the Fury instils the same venom into the heart of Turnus, where he lies in his town of Ardea He has been the champion of Latium against their enemies the Tuscans, and this is their gratitude—to give his promised bride to another! The young chief leaps from his couch, calls madly for his arms, and orders an instant march upon Latinus's capital. He will expel these intruders at once, and demand the princess from her father by force of arms.

Meanwhile—still at the instigation of Alecto—the

seeds of quarrel have been sown between the men of Latium and their Trojan guests. There is a tame deer which has been nursed in the house of Tyrrheus, the ranger of the royal forest,—a pet and favorite with all the country-folk.

> "Fair Sylvia, daughter of the race,
> Its horns with leaves would interlace,
> Comb smooth its shaggy coat, and lave
> Its body in the crystal wave.
> Tame and obedient, it would stray
> Free through the woods a summer's day,
> And home again at night repair,
> E'en of itself, how late soe'er."

In evil hour Ascanius, riding out with a hunting-party, gets his hounds upon the scent, and shoots the poor animal as it floats quietly down the river in the noon-day heat. It has just strength to carry the Trojan arrow in its body to its mistress's door, and die moaning at her feet.* Tyrrheus and his household are mad with rage, and rouse the whole country-side against this wanton outrage, as they hold it, on the part of the strangers. The shepherd's horn sounds out its summons to the whole neighborhood; and the angry rustics, when they hear the story, seize axes, staves, and such rude weapons as come first to hand, and attack the young prince and his hunting-party. The Trojans come out from

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* Andrew Marvell most likely borrowed his thought from the Roman poet in his graceful lines, "The Nymph's Complaint:"

> "The wanton troopers, riding by,
> Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
> Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
> Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
> Them any harm, alas! nor could
> Thy death yet do them any good.

their intrenchment to rescue their friends, and the fray now becomes a regular battle, no longer fought with stakes and hunting implements, but with sword and spear. Blood is soon shed; the rustic weapons are no match for the Trojan steel; and young Almo, the ranger's son, is carried home dead, amongst others. Almost a sadder loss is that of the good old yeoman Galæsus, who yokes a hundred ploughs, and whose character gives him even more influence than his wealth. He is slain as he stands between the combatants, vainly pleading for peace.

The bodies are carried through the city streets, as in a modern revolution, by way of demonstration. There they make their dumb appeal to the passions of the people—

> "Young Almo in his comely grace,
> And old Galæsus' mangled face"—

and the appeal is answered by a universal cry for "War!"

Chapter VIII.

THE MUSTER OF THE LATIN TRIBES.

Turnus arrives amongst them from Ardea at this critical moment, and shouts fiercely for instant battle. In vain does King Latinus quote the oracle, and refuse to fight against the destinies. He will be no party to a bloody and useless war. But the impetuosity of an angry populace is too strong for him. Powerless to stem the popular current, he nevertheless delivers his own soul, and abdicates his sovereignty. The guilt of the blood that shall be shed must rest on those who stir the war. He warns Turnus that he may yet live to rue

the part he has taken, when too late: for himself, death will soon put an end to all troubles.

By an old tradition,—handed on, as the poet will have it, from these old days of Latium to the Rome of Augustus,—the powers of War were held to be confined within the gates of Janus, the porter of the Immortals, only to be let loose by solemn act of state authority.

"Two gates there stand of War—'twas so
Our fathers named them long ago—
The war-god's terrors round them spread
An atmosphere of sacred dread.
A hundred bolts the entrance guard,
And Janus there keeps watch and ward.
These, when his peers on war decide,
The consul, all in antique pride
Of Gabine cincture deftly tied
And purple-striped attire,
With grating noise himself unbars,
And calls aloud on Father Mars:
The warrior train takes up the cry
And horns with brazen symphony
Their hoarse assent conspire."

Since Latinus will not do his office, Juno in person—so the poet has it—descends from heaven, smites upon the barred portals, and "lets slip the dogs of war."

"Ausonia, all inert before,
Takes fire and blazes to the core:
And some on foot their march essay,
Some, mounted, storm along the way;
To arms! cry one and all:
With unctuous lard their shields they clean
And make their javelins bright and sheen,
Their axes on the whetstone grind;
Look how that banner takes the wind!
Hark to yon trumpet's call!
Five mighty towns, with anvils set,
In emulous haste their weapons whet:

Crustumium, Tibur the renowned,
And strong Atina there are found,
And Ardea, and Antemnæ crowned
With turrets round her wall.
Steel caps they frame their brows to fit,
And osier twigs for bucklers knit:
Or twist the hauberk's brazen mail
And mould them greaves of silver pale:
To these has passed the homage paid
Erewhile to ploughshare, scythe, and spade:
Each brings his father's battered blade,
And smelts in fire anew:
And now the clarions pierce the skies:
From rank to rank the watchword flies:
This tears his helmet from the wall,
That drags his war-horse from the stall,
Dons three-piled mail and ample shield,
And girds him for the embattled field
With falchion tried and true."

The whole remaining portion of this seventh book is in Virgil's most spirited style. And it is here that the harp of our northern minstrel answers best to Mr. Conington's touch. The gathering of the clans—for it is nothing else—the rapid sketches of the chiefs as they pass in succession with their array of followers—the details of costume—the legendary tale which the poet has to tell of more than one of them as he passes them in review—even the devices borne on the shields,—are all features in which Scott delighted as thoroughly as Virgil, and which his well-known rhythm suits better than any other which a translator could choose. Some few portions of this stirring warlike diorama must content the readers of these pages. The first who passes is the terrible chief of Agylla, who fears neither god nor man, and whose notorious cruelties have so exasperated his own people against him that he is now a refugee in the court of Turnus:

"Mezentius first from Tyrrhene coast,
Who mocks at heaven, arrays his host,
And braves the battle's storm;
His son, young Lausus, at his side,
Excelled by none in beauty's pride,
Save Turnus' comely form:
Lausus, the tamer of the steed,
The conqueror of the silvan breed,
Leads from Agylla's towers in vain
A thousand youths, a valiant train:
Ah happy, had the son been blest
In hearkening to his sire's behest,
Or had the sire from whom he came
Had other nature, other name!"

In the description of the next leader we have some notice of early heraldry:

"Next drives along the grassy meads
His palm-crowned car and conquering steeds
Fair Aventinus, princely heir
Of Hercules the brave and fair,
And for his proud escutcheon takes
His father's Hydra and her snakes.
'Twas he that priestess Rhea bare,
A stealthy birth, to upper air,
'Mid shades of woody Aventine
Mingling her own with heavenly blood,
When triumph-flushed from Geryon slain
Alcides touched the Latian plain,
And bathed Iberia's distant kine
In Tuscan Tiber's flood.
Long pikes and poles his bands uprear,
The shapely blade, the Sabine spear.
Himself on foot, with lion's skin,
Whose long white teeth with ghastly grin
Clasp like a helmet brow and chin,
Joins the proud chiefs in rude attire,
And flaunts the emblem of his sire."

Coras and Catillus, twin-brothers from the old town of Tibur; Cæculus, from the neighboring Prænestе—

reputed son of Vulcan, because said to have been found as an infant lying amidst the forge embers—whose following take the field with slings and javelins, each man with his left foot bare to give him firmer stepping-hold; Clausus the Sabine, from whom sprang the great house of the Claudii—some of whom assuredly were listening to the poet's recitation; Halæsus, of the seed of Agamemnon, sworn foe to all who bear the hated name of Trojan; and a host of chiefs of lesser name and inferior powers, join the march. Messapus, the "horse-tamer," brings with him a powerful band of retainers from many a city, who chant the deeds of their leaders as they go—

"Like snow-white swans in liquid air,
When homeward from their food they fare,
And far and wide melodious notes
Come rippling from their slender throats,
While the broad stream and Asia's fen
Reverberate to the sound again.
Sure none had thought that countless crowd
A mail-clad company;
It rather seemed a dusky cloud
Of migrate fowl, that, hoarse and loud,
Press landward from the sea.

. . . . . .

'Came too from old Marruvia's realm,
An olive-garland round his helm,
Bold Umbro, priest at once and knight,
By king Archippus sent to fight:
Who baleful serpents knew to steep
By hand and voice in charmèd sleep,
Soothed their fierce wrath with subtlest skill,
And from their bite drew off the ill.
But ah! his medicines could not heal
The death-wound dealt by Dardan steel:
His slumberous charms availed him naught,
Nor herbs on Marsian mountains sought,

And cropped with magic shears:
For thee Anguitia's woody cave,
For thee the glassy Fucine wave,
For thee the lake shed tears."

Nearly last of the warlike array, who all acknowledge him as their leader, comes the prince of the Rutuli, Æneas's rival and enemy:

"In foremost rank see Turnus move,
His comely head the rest above:
On his tall helm with triple cone
Chimæra in relief is shown;
The monster's gaping jaws expire
Hot volumes of Ætnean fire:
And still she flames and raves the more
The deeper floats the field with gore.
With bristling hide and lifted horns,
Io, all gold, his shield adorns,
E'en as in life she stood;
There too is Argus, warder stern,
And Inachus from graven urn,
Her father, pours his flood."

He brings with him the largest host of all—a cloud of well-armed footmen of various tribes, whose shields seem to cover the plain.

This pretty picture of Camilla, the Volscian huntress (whom Dryden very ungallantly terms a "virago"), vowed from her childhood to Diana—the prototype of Tasso's Clorinda, but far more attractive—closes at once the warlike pageant and the book:

"Last marches forth for Latium's sake
Camilla fair, the Volscian maid,
A troop of horsemen in her wake
In pomp of gleaming steel arrayed;
Stern warrior-queen! those tender hands
Ne'er plied Minerva's ministries:
A virgin in the fight she stands,
Or wingèd winds in speed outvies;

Nay, she could fly o'er fields of grain
Nor crush in flight the tapering wheat,
Or skim the surface of the main
Nor let the billows touch her feet.
Where'er she moves, from house and land
The youths and ancient matrons throng,
And fixed in greedy wonder stand,
Beholding as she speeds along:
In kingly dye that scarf was dipped:
'Tis gold confines those tresses' flow:
Her pastoral wand with steel is tipped,
And Lycian are her shafts and bow." *

The story of Camilla's infancy, which is given us subsequently, is quite in accordance with this description. Her father, driven from his territory, like Mezentius, by an angry people, had carried his infant daughter with him in his flight. Hard pressed by his pursuers, he came to the banks of a river. To swim

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* No doubt the Camilla of the Roman poet is a reminiscence of the Amazon Penthesilea in Homer, just as the fairy footstep, that left no trace on sea or land, is borrowed from those wondrous mares of Ericthonius to whom Homer assigns the same performance. But the copy far surpasses the original in grace and beauty. Our English poets have made free use of this fancy of the footsteps of beauty: none more sweetly than Jonson in his "Sad Shepherd," where Æglamour laments his lost Earinè:

"Here she was wont to go, and here, and here—
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow;
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-bell from his stalk:
But like the south-west wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."
—"The Sad Shepherd," Act I. sc. 1.

across the stream, though swollen by winter torrents, were easy for himself: but how to carry his child? With brief prayer and vow to the huntress Diana, he tied her to a spear, and threw her across. The child alighted safely on the other side, and the father followed. Fed on mares' milk, and exercised from infancy in the use of the bow, Camilla had grown up in the forest, vowed to maidenhood and to Diana.

Chapter IX.

ÆNEAS MAKES ALLIANCE WITH EVANDER.

The turn of events gives the Trojan chief much natural disquiet. All Latium is in arms against his little force of adventurers. He lies down within his lines to a disturbed and anxious rest, where he has a remarkable vision. A figure rises, wrapped in a gray mantle, with his brows crowned with reed. It is "Father Tiber," the tutelary genius of the Rome that shall be. He bids his visitor be of good cheer: his coming has been long looked for. He renews, for his encouragement, the old oracle of Anchises:

> "On woody banks before your eye
> A thirty-farrowed sow shall lie,
> Her whole white length on earth stretched out,
> Her young, as white, her teats about,
> Sign that when thirty years come round
> 'White Alba' shall Ascanius found."

He will find allies, too, within reach. A colony from Arcadia have migrated to Italy under their king Evander, and have founded in the neighboring mountains a city called Pallanteum. He will reach the place by

sailing up the stream, and from them, ever at feud with their Latian neighbors, he will get the aid he requires.

Æneas wakes from sleep, arms the crews of two of his galleys, and begins his voyage up the course of the friendly Tiber, who purposely calms his waves and moderates his current. The sow with her thirty young is soon found, and duly sacrificed, as the river-genius has warned him, to propitiate the wrath of Juno. Evander, with his son Pallas and all his people, is keeping high festival to Hercules, when the masts of the Trojan galleys are suddenly seen among the trees as they turn a bend of the river. The strangers are hailed by Pallas; and Æneas, bearing in his hand the olive-bough of a suppliant, is led by the young chief before his father. In a well-studied speech he claims kindred with the Arcadian hero, albeit a Trojan and Greek might at first sight seem natural enemies. Dardanus of Troy traced his descent from Atlas—Evander's genealogy goes back to the same great ancestor. Their mutual enmity with the Latians should be also a bond of union: and lo! Æneas has shown his goodwill and confidence in thus placing himself fearlessly in Evander's power. Evander is the Nestor of the Æneid;—somewhat given to long stories and reminiscences of his own youth. He had known his present visitor's father well, in the years gone by, when the Trojan court had visited the country of Priam's sister Hesionè.

> "A boy was I, a stripling lad,
> My cheek with youth's first blossom clad;
> I gazed at Priam and his train
> Of Trojan lords, and gazed again:
> But great Anchises, princely tall,
> Was more than Priam, more than all.

With boyish zeal I schemed and planned
To greet the chief, and grasp his hand.
I ventured, and with eager zest
To Pheneus brought my honored guest.
A Lycian quiver he bestowed
At parting, with its arrowy load,
A gold-wrought scarf, and bridle-reins
Of gold, which Pallas still retains."

He tells his visitor also, at very considerable length, the story of Hercules slaying the monster Cacus, son of Vulcan, half man and half beast, whose breath was as flames of fire, and whose diet was human flesh—the prototype of the giants of later fiction. He points out also to his guest the local features of the country—for they are standing on the site which is to be Rome, and Pallanteum is to become the Palatine mount of future history. Whatever of mythical legend the poet mixed up in his topography, he knew the interest with which his patrician audience—for antiquarianism was almost as fashionable in the court of the Cæsars as it is now—would listen while, by the mouth of Evander, he dwelt on the old historic localities of the imperial city: the Carmental gate, named after the nymph who was Evander's mother; the grove where Romulus in after-days made his first "Asylum" for the motley band whom he gathered round him; the Tarpeian rock; the hill on which was to stand the Capitol; the Janiculum, with its Saturnian walls, the key of Rome's defences. "Now"—says the poet, speaking in his own person of the glories of the great city in his own day,—

"Now all is golden—then 'twas all
O'ergrown with trees and brushwood tall.
E'en their rude hinds the spot revered:
. . . . . .

Here in this grove, these wooded steeps,
Some God unknown his mansion keeps;
Arcadia's children deem
Their eyes have looked on Jove's own form,
When oft he summons cloud and storm,
And seen his ægis gleam."

A league is made between the Trojans and their new friends. King Evander confesses that his own power is small, but Æneas has arrived at a fortunate conjuncture. The Etruscans of Agylla, who have just expelled their tyrant Mezentius for his cruelties, have determined to pursue him to the death. But they have been warned by their soothsayer to choose a foreign leader; and here they are at the gates of Pallanteum, come to beseech Evander to head their expedition. He is himself too old—his son Pallas too inexperienced; he at once presents to them Æneas as a heaven-sent leader. The omens are all favorable, and both troops and commander are well pleased. Æneas selects the best of his crew, whom Evander furnishes with war-horses; the rest he sends back in the galleys to bear the tidings of his own movements to his son Iulus, and to charge him and the Trojans to keep close within their rampart, in case of attack during his absence. Taking command of his Etruscan allies, and followed by four hundred Arcadian horse under the young Pallas, whom his father gladly sends, as the youths of noble houses were sent in the days of knighthood, to learn the art of war under so great a captain, Æneas sets out on his march for Turnus's capital. The old king does not part from his son without sad misgivings; he has trusted Æneas with more than his life.

Venus has not been neglectful of her son. She has persuaded Vulcan to forge for him weapons and armor

of such sort as only the immortal smith can make. The fire-god can never resist her blandishments; and he goes down to the forge where the Cyclops are ever at work, in the caverns beneath the Lipari Islands, off the coast of Sicily. There is much business in hand there already. Some of the one-eyed workmen are forging bolts for Jupiter, composed of four elements,—

> "Three rays they took of forky hail,
> Of watery cloud three rays,
> Three of the wingèd southern gale,
> Three of the ruddy blaze."*

Some are finishing a war-chariot for Mars; others are shaping an ægis for Minerva—a shield of dragon's scales and rings of gold. But their master bids them put all these tasks aside; War, and Wisdom, and even Government itself, must be content to come to a standstill, until the behests of Beauty have been obeyed.

The idea of the Shield of Æneas, which Venus comes and lays before him while he sleeps, is of course borrowed directly from Homer's Shield of Achilles. But the working out of it is quite original. Vulcan's subject, in this case, is not, as in the Shield of the Iliad, an epitome of human life, but a prophetic history of Rome. The whole passage in which it is elaborately described is of remarkable beauty even to our modern taste, and upon a Roman's ear and imagination must have had a wonderful effect. The story is told in eight (or perhaps nine) compartments, filled with the leading events in the great city's existence. The two first contain the birth of Romulus, and the union of the Romans with the Sabines, which began with the seizure of the Sabine women:

*The thunderbolt is usually represented on ancient coins and medallions with twelve rays.

"There too the mother-wolf he made
In Mars's cave supinely laid:
Around her udders undismayed
The gamesome infants hung,
While she, her loose neck backward thrown,
Caressed them fondly, one by one,
And shaped them with her tongue.
Hard by, the towers of Rome he drew,
And Sabine maids in public view
Snatched 'mid the Circus games:
So 'twixt the fierce Romulean brood
And Tatius with his Cures rude
A sudden war upflames.
And now the kings, their conflict o'er,
Stand up in arms Jove's shrine before,
From goblets pour the sacred wine,
And make their peace o'er bleeding swine."

The doom of Mettius the Alban, and the keeping of the Tiber bridge by Horatius against Lars Porsena, occupy the two next compartments. Next comes the defence of the Capitol against the Gauls by Manlius:

"A silver goose in gilded walls
With flapping wings announced the Gauls;
And through the wood the invaders crept,
And climbed the height while others slept.
Golden their hair on head and chin:
Gold collars deck their milk-white skin:
Short cloaks with colors checked
Shine on their backs: two spears each wields
Of Alpine make: and oblong shields
Their brawny limbs protect."

In the succeeding compartments are wrought the procession of the Salii with the sacred shields, and the regions of the world below, where Catiline lies in torment, while Cato has his portion with the just. And within the whole, round the *umbo* or boss of the shield, there runs a sea of molten gold in which sport silver

dolphins, framing the centre design—the glories of Augustus:

"There in the midmost meet the s'ght
The embattled fleets, the Actian fight:
Leucate flames with warlike show,
And golden-red the billows glow.
Here Cæsar, leading from their home
The fathers, people, gods of Rome,
Stands on the lofty stern:
The constellation of his sire
Beams o'er his head, and tongues of fire
About his temples burn,
With favoring Gods and winds to speed
Agrippa forms his line:
The golden beaks, war's proudest meed,
High on his forehead shine.
There, with barbaric troops increased,
Antonius, from the vanquished East,
And distant Red-sea side,
To battle drags the Bactrian bands
And Egypt; and behind him stands
(Foul shame!) the Egyptian bride."

There the gods of Rome—conspicuous amongst whom is the archer Apollo, the tutelary deity of the house of Cæsar—put to flight the dog-headed Anubis, and the other monstrous gods of Egypt. There, too, is blazoned the "triple triumph" of Augustus, graced by a long procession of captives of all tribes, from Scythia to the Euphrates.

Such legends traced on Vulcan's shield
The wondering chief surveys:
On truth in symbol half revealed
He feeds his hungry gaze,
And high upon his shoulders rears
The fame and fates of unborn years."

Chapter X.

TURNUS ATTACKS THE TROJAN ENCAMPMENT.

Æneas had been right in his forebodings of danger. Turnus has heard of the chief's absence, and takes advantage of it to lead his force at once against the new-built fortification in which the rest of the Trojans lie. His first attempt is to burn their galleys, where they lie drawn ashore on the river-bank, close to their lines. But the ships are built of the sacred pines of Ida, the special favorites of the great goddess Cybele; and she has endued them, by favor of Jupiter, with the power of transformation into sea-nymphs when their work is done. No sooner do the torches of the enemy touch them than they slide off into the water, and in their new shape float out to sea. Even this portent does not scare the leader of the Rutuli. "Lo!" he cries—"Heaven takes from our enemies even their hopes of flight!" He does but draw his league all the closer round the Trojan lines. Throughout the night the watch-fires blaze at close intervals, and captains of the guard, each with a hundred men, are set at their several posts to prevent the escape of the prey before the general attack which is ordered for the morning.

But the Rutulian chieftains grow weary of a monotonous duty. They have store of wine in their camp, and they bring it out to cheer their night-watch. The sounds of noisy revelry soon rise from every station, until, as the revellers are gradually overpowered by sleep, all is lulled into unusual silence.

Two Trojan sentinels have watched anxiously every sound and movement in the enemy's lines. They are

Nisus and his young friend Euryalus,—late among the competitors in the foot-race—inseparable in peace or war. Nisus sees, as he thinks, an opportunity for stealing through the Rutulian guards, and bearing news to Æneas at Pallanteum of the peril in which his son and his companions lie. He is a keen sportsman, and knows the forest by-paths well. He, confides his design to Euryalus, but has no notion of taking the youth with him to share the danger. He, on the other hand, insists upon accompanying his friend. The consent of Iulus and his elder counsellors is readily obtained. Let them but bring back Æneas to the rescue, and no rewards and honors shall be too great for the pair. Turnus's horse and armor, Latinus's royal demesne, captives of price, shall be the guerdon of Nisus: for Euryalus,—the prince will adopt him henceforth as his personal esquire and companion in arms. One only request the youth has to make. He has an aged mother in the camp—the only one of the elder matrons who refused to be left in safety with Acestes in Sicily, and whom no dangers could separate from her son. Will the prince promise her solace and protection, should harm befall Euryalus on the way? The answer of Iulus is given in tears; he has no mother left, and the mother of Euryalus shall be to him as his own. He girds the youth with the sword from his own side, and the friends set out upon their perilous errand, escorted to the gates by the Trojan captains with prayers and blessings.

The enterprise might have succeeded, had not the two friends been tempted, by the helpless state in which they found the Rutulian camp, to slaughter their sleeping enemies as they passed. Rhamnes and Remus—names to be borne hereafter by more historic

actors in the history of Rome—with a crowd of victims of lesser note, fall by the swords of Nisus and his companion. Euryalus even stops, with a young man's vanity, to put on the glittering belt which he has stripped from one of his victims, and the helmet of the sleeping Messapus. Thus precious time is lost, and the moonlight streams upon them as they clear the Rutulian lines, and take the path, which Nisus knows, for Pallanteum.

A detachment of the enemy's cavalry is on the march to join Turnus. The glimmer of the moonlight on Euryalus's helmet—his new prize—betrays the friends as they try to steal by, and they are challenged at once by Volscens, the commander. They fly to the neighboring wood; but the horsemen surround it, and though Nisus escapes them, it is only to find that his friend has fallen into their hands. He rushes back, and in the wild hope of effecting a rescue, hides himself in the thicket, whence he launches two spears with fatal effect upon the party who are dragging along their prisoner. Enraged at the sudden attack, and seeing no enemy in the darkness, Volscens lays hold upon Euryalus, and vows revenge. Nisus rushes from his cover, and implores them to turn their swords on him, and to spare a youth whose only crime has been his friendship.

"In vain he spoke: the sword, fierce driven,
That alabaster breast had riven.
Down falls Euryalus, and lies
In death's enthralling agonies:
Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow;
His head sinks gradually low:
Thus, severed by the ruthless plough,
Dim fades a purple flower:
Their weary necks so poppies bow,
O'erladen by the shower.

But Nisus on the midmost flies,
With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes:
In clouds the warriors round him rise,
Thick hailing blow on blow:
Yet on he bears, no stint, no stay;
Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway:
Till as for aid the Rutule shrieks
Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:
The dying hand has reft away
The lifeblood of its foe.
Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well."

With the first dawn Turnus leads his forces to the attack—the heads of Nisus and Euryalus borne in front upon the points of spears, so savage is the Rutulian at the slaughter made by them amongst his sleeping comrades. The mother of Euryalus has heard the news, and sees the ghastly trophies from the ramparts. Iulus performs his promise, and the frantic woman is, under his personal directions, tenderly removed. He himself becomes the hero of the day. The archer's craft, his love of which had led to the feud with the Latians, is turned to good service in the defence of the camp. Numanus, a brother-in-law of Turnus, is loudly taunting the Trojans in front of their lines:

"Twice captured Phrygians! to be pent
Once more in leaguered battlement,
And plant unblushingly between
Yourselves and death a stony screen!
Lo, these the men that draw their swords
To part our ladies from their lords!
What god, what madness brings you here
To taste of our Italian cheer?
No proud Atridæ leads our vans:
No false Ulysses talks and plans:
E'en from the birth a hardy brood,
We take our infants to the flood,

And fortify their tender mould
With icy wave and ruthless cold.
Early and late our sturdy boys
Seek through the woods a hunter's joys:
Their pastime is to tame the steed,
To bend the bow and launch the reed.
Our youth, to scanty fare inured,
Made strong by labor oft endured,
Subdue the soil with spade and rake,
Or city walls with battle shake.
Through life we grasp our trusty spear:
It strikes the foe, it goads the steer:
Age cannot chill our valor: no,
The helmet sits on locks of snow;
And still we love to store our prey,
And eat the fruits our arms purvey.
You flaunt yonr robes in all men's eyes,
Your saffron and your purple dyes,
Recline on downy couch, or weave
The dreamy dance from morn to eve:
Sleeved tunics guard your tender skins,
And ribboned mitres prop your chins.
Phrygians!—nay rather Phrygian fair!
Hence, to your Dindymus repair!
Go where the flute's congenial throat
Shrieks through two doors its slender note,
Where pipe and cymbal call the crew:
These are the instruments for you:
Leave men, like us, in arms to deal,
Nor bruise your lily hands with steel."

Iulus, after brief prayer to Jupiter, sends an arrow through the boaster's temples. But Apollo, taking the shape of the boy's guardian, Butes, warns him to be content with this first triumph: such weapons, says he of the silver bow, with that jealousy of mortals common to all pagan divinities, are not for boys.

Attack and defence are maintained vigorously on either side. Turnus is everywhere, dealing death where he comes. Mezentius, the infidel, tries to fire the pali-

sade: Messapus, "the horse-tamer," calls for ladders to scale it. A detachment of Volscians form a "tortoise," by linking their shields like a pent-house over their heads, and under this cover try to plant their ladders; but the Trojans hoist a huge rock aloft, and dash it down with murderous effect upon the roof of shields, crushing the bearers underneath. A tall wooden flanking-tower is set on fire by Turnus, and falls over, with its defenders, among the enemy. Two only survive the fall, one of whom—a slave-born warrior, who bears a blank shield—flings himself into the Rutulian ranks, and dies there fighting against overwhelming numbers. The other, Lycus, a swift and active runner, reaches the rampart of the intrenchment, and nearly succeeds in climbing over amongst his friends, when Turnus grasps him and bears him off, in spite of the missiles showered down by his sympathizing comrades.

Pandarus and Bitias, two brothers of gigantic stature, have charge of one of the gateways of the intrenched camp. They throw the double gates wide open, and take their stand, one on either side, within. Fast as the more venturous spirits among the enemy rush through, they are either felled by the giant warders, or, if they escape these first, are slain inside by the other Trojans, who even carry the battle outside the gates. Word comes to Turnus of the increasing boldness of the enemy. He rushes to the rescue, slays right and left, and brings Bitias to the ground by hurling at him a huge *falarica*—a spear used in the great catapults which formed the artillery of those days. His brother Pandarus by main strength closes the great gates, shutting out some of his unfortunate friends as well as his enemies, and shutting in, to the dismay of the Trojans, their terrible enemy. When he sees Turnus, however,

he rushes upon him to avenge his brother's death; but the Rutulian cleaves him with his keen falchion down to the chin. Then he turns on the dismayed defenders, and smites them right and left. Had he but bethought himself then to open the gates once more, and let his comrades in, so cowed were the Trojans at the moment that their defeat was certain. But all his heart is set on slaughter, and the Trojans, rallied by Mnestheus (the hero of the galley-race), soon find out that he is alone. Nevertheless he fights his way gallantly towards the river.

"The Trojans follow, shouting loud,
And closer still and closer crowd.
So when the gathering swains assail
A lion with their brazen hail,
He, glaring rage, begins to quail,
And sullenly departs:
For shame his back he will not turn,
Yet dares not, howsoe'er he yearn,
To charge their serried darts.
So Turnus lingeringly retires,
And glows with ineffectual fires.
Twice on the foe e'en then he falls,
Twice routs and drives them round the walls:
But from the camp in swarms they pour,
Nor Juno dares to help him more.
. . . . . .
At length, accoutred as he stood,
Headlong he plunged into the flood.
The yellow flood the charge received,
With buoyant tide his weight upheaved,
And cleansing off the encrusted gore,
Returned him to his friends once more."

Chapter XI.

THE DEATH OF PALLAS.

The scene changes to Olympus, where Jupiter holds a council of the gods. He is as much troubled as in the Iliad with the dissensions in his own court, and holds the balance with difficulty between his queen and his daughter, each unscrupulous in their partisanship. Venus complains to him bitterly of the peril in which her son Æneas stands, by reason of Juno's machinations. That goddess replies, with considerable show of reason, that Æneas has brought his troubles upon himself; that Latinus and Turnus and Lavinia were all going on peacefully before he came; and that—if the whole history of the Trojans must needs be discussed again—Venus herself, by her instrument Helen, was the mother of all the mischief. The king of the gods somewhat loses patience, and swears by the great river of Styx, with the awful nod which shakes Olympus, that Trojan and Rutulian shall even fight it out, and the Fates shall decide the question. So he dissolves the Olympian convocation.

The fight at the Trojan encampment is renewed in the morning as fiercely as ever. But succors are on their way. The ships of the Etruscan leader Tarchon —the name which future kings of Rome were to bear with little alteration—have been sailing all night down the Tyrrhenian Sea, under their new-found chief Æneas. His galley leads the van; and with him in the stern—for he takes the helm himself—sits young Pallas, hearing him tell of the great deeds of old. The poet gives us something like a muster-roll of the Etruscan chiefs

and their followings; more interesting perhaps to the ear of a Roman, who would catch up here and there some historical allusion to a place or family with which he claimed some connection, than to the modern reader, who can have no such sympathies. He gives us, too, the figure-heads from which the ships of the most noted captains took their names: the Tiger—a favorite, it would seem, to our English nautical taste even down to the present day—the Centaur, the Apollo, the Triton, the Mincius—the last-named from the river that flowed by Virgil's own town of Mantua,—

> "Fair town! her sons of high degree,
> Though not unmixed their blood;
> Three races swell the mingled stream:
> Four states from each derive their birth:
> Herself among them sits supreme,
> Her Tuscan blood her chiefest worth."

Æneas has a strange rencontre in his night-voyage. Suddenly there rises round his galley a circle of water-nymphs—they are his own vessels, thus transformed, and their errand is to warn him of the danger in which Iulus and his people lie. The sight which meets his eyes as he enters the Tiber at daybreak confirms their tidings: he sees the camp surrounded by enemies. Standing high upon his deck, he raises aloft the wondrous shield. The Trojans recognize in the signal the arrival of the help they so sorely need, and welcome it with prolonged shouts. Then their enemies note it also,—and the fight grows fiercer still. Tarchon—who seems to act as captain of the fleet under Æneas as admiral—looks out a good place to beach the galleys, bids the men give way with a will, and runs them well up, the forepart high and dry—all except the gallant

captain himself, whose vessel breaks her back and goes to pieces.

Turnus has left the command of the storming-party to his lieutenants, and gone down himself with a picked force to oppose Æneas's landing. The Arcadian contingent, unused to fighting on foot and half in the water, get into confusion, and turn. Young Pallas gallantly rallies them, for the honor of his countrymen. He himself wins his spurs, in this his first field, by deeds which would become Æneas himself. One brief episode in his exploits is pathetic enough. There are fighting on the Rutulian side the twin-brothers Thymber and Larides:

> "So like, the sweet confusion e'en
> Their parents' eyes betrayed;
> But Pallas twin and twin between
> Has cruel difference made;
> For Thymber's head the steel has shorn;
> Larides' severed hand forlorn
> Feels blindly for its lord:
> The quivering fingers, half alive,
> Twitch with convulsive gripe, and strive
> To close upon the sword."

Young Lausus, the son of the tyrant Mezentius, is leading his men against Pallas, when a greater soldier interposes between the two young heroes. Turnus comes, and Pallas meets him eagerly—yet not without full consciousness of the inequality of the combat. He hurls his spear, so strongly and truly that it penetrates through Turnus's shield, and slightly grazes his body. Then Turnus launches his weapon in return, and it goes right through the metal plates and tough ox-hide of the shield, and through the corselet of Pallas, deep into his breast, and the young prince falls to the ground writhing in his dying agony. Turnus stands

astride of the corpse, and shouts triumphantly to the discomfited Arcadians. Yet there is something generous, according to the fierce code of the times, in his treatment of his dead enemy; he neither strips the armor, nor makes any attempt to prevent the Arcadians from carrying off the body. He bids them bear it home to King Evander for burial; only with a warning as to what fate awaits the allies of the foreigner:

> "Who to Æneas plays the host,
> Must square the glory with the cost."

One trophy he takes from the person of the dead prince—a belt richly embroidered in gold with the tale of the daughters of Danaus. He girds it on over his armor, unconscious of the influence it will have upon his own fate.

Æneas, in a different quarter of the field, hears of the death of his young esquire, and furiously hews his way towards Turnus. All who cross his path, veteran chiefs and young aspirants to glory, alike go down before him, and no appeal for mercy checks his hand. Eight prisoners he takes alive; but only with the intent to slay them as victims at the funeral pile of Pallas. But the rival champions do not meet as yet. Juno, fearing the issue of an encounter with Æneas in his present mood, cheats the eyes of Turnus with a phantom in his enemy's shape. When Turnus meets it in the fight, the shape turns and flies towards the ships, pursued by him with bitter taunts on Trojan cowardice. One galley has her gangway down, and the false Æneas takes refuge on board. Turnus follows; when the moorings are loosed by an invisible hand, the galley floats down stream, and the Rutulian, raving and half-determined to end his disgrace by suicide when he finds

out how he has been cheated, is swept along the coast to his own town of Ardea.

Mezentius takes his place, and, seconded by his son Lausus, spreads slaughter amongst the Trojan ranks. But a spear cast by the strong hand of Æneas lodges in the groin of the father, and the son gallantly rushes forward to cover his retreat. Æneas warns the youth to stand back—some thought, it may be, of Pallas makes him unwilling to take the younger life; but Lausus dares his fate, and the Trojan falchion, driven home through his light shield and broidered vest—

"The vest his mother wove with gold"—

reaches the young chief's heart. Æneas can be generous too. He will not strip the body; nay, he chides the cowardice of Lausus's comrades, who hesitate to lift the dying youth, and himself raises him carefully from the ground, and gives him what comfort may be gathered from the fact that he has met his death "at Æneas's hand."

Mezentius hears of the death of his son as he lies by the river-bank bathing his wound. With a cry of agony the father bewails his own crimes, which had thus brought death upon his innocent son. Crippled as he is, he calls for his good horse Rhœbus, who has ever hitherto borne him home victor from the battle. To-day they two will carry home the head of Æneas, or fall together. He charges desperately upon the Trojan, who is right glad to meet him. Thrice he wheels his horse round his wary enemy, hurling javelin after javelin, which the Vulcanian shield receives on its broad circumference, and retains until it looks, in the poet's language, like a grove of steel. At last Æneas launches a spear which strikes Mezentius's horse full in the fore-

head, and poor Rhœbus rears, and, rolling over in his dying agonies, pins his master to the ground. Æneas rushes in upon the fallen champion, who, disdaining to ask quarter, bares his throat to the sword, and dies as fearlessly as he has lived.

Chapter XII

THE DEATH OF CAMILLA.

Æneas's first care, after raising a trophy crowned with the arms of the slain Mezentius, is to send home to Evander the body of his son. A picked detachment escort it to Laurentum with all honor, wrapped in robes of gold—embroidered robes, wrought by the hands of the unfortunate Dido. The youth's charger, Æthon, is led behind the bier, and his lance and helm are also borne in the procession; a custom which we have borrowed from the Romans, and retain to this day in our military funerals. Æthon weeps copious tears for his dead master; an incident not so entirely due to a poet's imagination as it may seem, since the historian Suetonius tells us that some favorite horses of Julius Cæsar showed the same tokens of grief, and refused their food, just before his death. Another feature in the obsequies of Pallas is happily obsolete; the prisoners whom Æneas had taken alive with this express object follow behind the corpse, to be sacrificed at the funeral pile. There was nothing horrible to the polished courtiers of Augustus in such a thought. Even in that age of refinement and civilization, the emperor himself, after the defeat of Antony's party at Perusia, was said to have slaughtered three hundred prisoners in honor of the great Julius, to whom altars were raised as a dem-

god. True, the story was probably an invention of political opponents; but the mere fact that such a story could be invented and believed marks strongly the cruel temper of the age. The old king receives back, in bitter grief, all that remains to him of the gallant son whom he had so lately sent forth to his first fatal field: and he charges Æneas, by the mouth of the envoys, to avenge him on his son's murderer—for this he only waits to close his own eyes.

A truce of twelve days is agreed upon between the armies for the burial of their dead. The Latins have meanwhile sent an embassy to ask aid from Diomed, the hero of the Trojan war, who has come home and settled in Italy. He is paying the penalty of having wounded Venus in the battle before Troy, and is not allowed to reach his native Argolis. He warns the ambassadors that it is not good to war against the race from which Æneas comes—he, for his part, will have no more of it. At this crisis the Latins hold a council of war. Their king advises a compromise with the enemy—a grant of land on which to settle, or a new equipped fleet to carry the fortunes of Troy yet further on. Then there rises in the council one Drances, a better orator than warrior, who boldly proposes to give the princess Lavinia to the bridegroom whom the gods have sent. Or, let Turnus meet Æneas in single combat—why are the rest to suffer for his pride? Is all Latium to be steeped in blood that Turnus may have a princess to wife? Turnus is not slow to reply. He will go forth to meet the Trojan willingly—will Drances follow him?

Even while they thus debate, Æneas has left his intrenchments by the Tiber, and is marching on the city. The queen with her daughter and the terrified women

betake themselves to the temples, while Turnus sets himself to marshal his allies for the defence. While some are left to guard the walls, the whole force of cavalry ride out to meet the enemy. His best lieutenant for this service is the huntress Camilla. She leads her light Volscian horse, supported by Messapus with his heavier Latins, to meet the cavalry of Æneas, while Turnus with his squadron lays an ambuscade for him in a wooded valley. Camilla, with her fair staff of followers, Tulla and Tarpeia—names of ominous sound to Roman ears—deals slaughter in the enemy's ranks in no feminine fashion.

> "A Phrygian mother mourned her son
> For every dart that flew."

But, fierce Amazon as she is, she is tempted by a woman's love of ornament. There is a Trojan, one Chlorus, priest as well as man at-arms, conspicuous for the brilliant accoutrements of his charger and himself. His horse is covered with chain-armor clasped with gold; and purple and saffron, and gold embroidery—the full splendors of Asiatic costume which he affects—mark him out as a tempting prey. It might have been, the poet suggests, a desire to deck some of her national temples with such distinguished spoils,—or it might have been, he admits, only a woman's fancy to wear them herself,—but she singles him out and chases him over the field, regardless of her own safety. Arruns the Tuscan has long sought his opportunity, and his spear reaches Camilla as she gallops in headlong pursuit of her gay enemy.

> "In vain she strives with dying hands
> To wrench away the blade:
> Fixed in her ribs the weapon stands,
> Closed by the wound it made.

Bloodless and faint, she gasps for breath;
Her heavy eyes sink down in death;
Her cheek's bright colors fade."

So dies Camilla; and the Volscian horse are so disheartened by her loss that they turn and fly to the city, so closely pursued by the Trojans that the gates have to be hastily closed, shutting out in many cases friends as well as foes. Turnus leaves the cover of the wood to attack Æneas, but night falls on the plain before their forces meet.

Chapter XIII.

THE LAST COMBAT.

The spirit of the Latins is wellnigh broken—they feel that their cause is a failing one. And Turnus sees angry eyes bent upon him, as the cause of this ill-fated war. He will take all hazards, then, upon himself: there shall be no more blood shed of Latin or Rutulian —unless it be his own. He declares his intention to Latinus—he will meet Æneas in single combat. The old king is reluctant to allow it: Queen Amata, with tears and prayers, begs him to forego his resolution. Lavinia herself—such is the entire reticence of the maiden nature in epic story—speaks no word throughout the whole. But, as modern critics have long discovered, there is no question but that she has a sentiment for Turnus. She hardly could have a thought of Æneas, whom she had never seen. When she hears her mother's appeal to the Rutulian prince, she does almost more than speak—she blushes, through her tears.

"Deep crimson glows the sudden flame,
And dyes her tingling cheek with shame.
So blushes ivory's Indian grain,
When sullied with vermilion stain:
So lilies set in roseate bed
Enkindle with contagious red."

These last four lines, in Mr. Conington's version, read like a bit of Waller or Lovelace—and yet they are a fairly close translation of the original.

The challenge is sent to Æneas, and by him joyfully accepted. There shall be solemn truce between Trojan and Rutulian, while the rival champions do battle for the princess and the kingdom. Turnus, too, has one weapon of Vulcan's forging—his father's sword. But now, in his haste for the combat, he snatches up and girds on a blade of less divine temper. The lists are set between the two lines, and the oaths duly sworn. Æneas calls the gods to witness, that if the victory falls to Turnus, the Trojans on their part shall retire at once to Evander's colony, and make war no more on Latium. Or even if he himself be the conqueror, he will not treat the Latins as a conquered race:

"I will not force Italia's land
To Teucrian rule to bow;
I seek no sceptre for my hand,
No diadem for my brow:
Let race and race, unquelled and free,
Join hands in deathless amity."

But at once, before the rivals meet, by the instigation of Juno the truce is broken on the part of the Rutulians. They have a strong fear that their own champion, young and gallant as he is, is no equal match in arms for the great Æneas: he is but moving to his death. So speaks the seer Tolumnius, and points

to an omen on the river-bank: an eagle swooping down upon a flock of swans, and bearing one off in his talons, but put to flight when they turn in a body and pursue him. Æneas is the bird of prey—they are the unwarlike swans; let them but turn on him, and he too will fly. The seer is not content with the mere exposition of auguries; at once he hurls his own javelin into the Trojan ranks, and brings down his man. The fight speedily becomes general. Æneas, unarmed and bareheaded, rushes between the ranks, and is wounded by an arrow, while he calls loudly on his own men to keep the truce. None knew, or cared to know, from whose hand the arrow came: for no man, says the poet, was ever heard to boast of such a coward's shot.

Then, while Æneas is led to the camp, faint and bleeding, by his son Iulus and his faithful Achates,—while the aged leech, Iapis, vainly tries all his skill upon the wound—for the barb will not quit the flesh,—Turnus spreads slaughter among the Trojan ranks. But only for a while. Venus drops a healing balsam into the water with which her son's wound is being bathed; at once the arrow-head drops out, and the hero stands up sound and whole. Again he dons the Vulcanian armor, and re-enters the battle. The Rutulians give way before him, but he scorns to smite the fugitives, and seeks out only Turnus. And Turnus, pale and unnerved—for the presage of his fate lies heavy upon his soul—has no longer any mind to meet him. It is very strange, to our modern notions of heroism, to see this infirmity of resolution in a tried soldier and captain like Turnus. But the heroes of these elder days lose heart at once when they feel their star is no longer in the ascendant. Turnus, like

Hector in the Iliad, shrinks from the fate which he foresees.

Turnus has a sister, Juturna, a river-nymph and demi-goddess, a favorite of Juno, who has warned her if possible to save her brother. She now takes the place of his charioteer, and, while she drives rapidly over the field, takes care to keep him far from Æneas, who is calling loudly on him to halt and keep his compact of personal duel. At last the Trojan leader, baffled in this object, throws all his forces suddenly on the town, which lies almost at his mercy, stripped of its defenders, and bids his captains bring torches and scaling-ladders. A horseman, sorely wounded in the face, brings word of this new danger to Turnus as he is wheeling madly over the battle-field, and implores him to come to the rescue. He looks round towards the walls, and sees the flames already mounting. Then he rallies once more the old courage which had so strangely failed him. He sees his fate as clearly as before, but he will meet it. He knows his sister now, too late, in his charioteer; but he will fly no longer—"Is death such great wretchedness, after all?" He leaps from his chariot, as he knows, to meet it, lifts his hand, and shouts to his Rutulians to stay their hands, and the ranks of both armies divide before him as he makes towards the part of the wall where Æneas is leading the attack.

"But great Æneas, when he hears
The challenge of his foe,
The leaguer of the town forbears,
Lets town and rampart go,
Steps high with exultation proud,
And thunders on his arms aloud;
Vast as majestic Athos, vast

As Eryx the divine,
Or he that roaring with the blast
Heaves his huge bulk in snow-drifts massed,
The father Apennine."

Trojans, Latins, and Rutulians look on in awe and admiration as the two chiefs advance to try this last ordeal of battle. Each hurls his spear—without effect; then Turnus draws his sword, and they fight on hand to hand—

"Giving and taking wounds alike,
With furious impact home they strike;
Shoulder and neck are bathed in gore:
The forest depths return the roar.
So, shield on shield, together dash
Æneas and his Daunian foe;
The echo of that deafening crash
Mounts heavenward from below."

But the faithless sword which Turnus had so carelessly girded on instead of his father's good weapon, though it has done him fair service on the crowd of meaner enemies, breaks in his grasp when he essays it on the armor of Æneas, and, thus helpless, he takes to flight, Æneas hotly pursuing.

"Five times they circle round the place,
Five times the winding course retrace;
No trivial game is here: the strife
Is waged for Turnus' own dear life."

A dark-plumaged bird is seen to hover round the devoted head of the Rutulian chief, half blinding him with its flapping wings. It is a Fury whom the king of the gods has sent in that shape to harass him. At length, in his flight, he finds a huge stone, which not twelve men of "to-day's degenerate sons" could lift.

"He caught it up, and at his foe
Discharged it, rising to the throw,
And straining as he runs.
But 'wildering fears his mind unman;
Running, he knew not that he ran,
Nor throwing that he threw;
Heavily move his sinking knees;
The streams of life wax dull and freeze:
The stone, as through the void it past,
Failed of the measure of its cast,
Nor held its purpose true.
E'en as in dreams, when on the eyes
The drowsy weight of slumber lies,
In vain to ply our limbs we think,
And in the helpless effort sink;
Tongue, sinews, all, their powers bely,
And voice and speech our call defy:
So, labor Turnus as he will,
The Fury mocks the endeavor still.
Dim shapes before his senses reel:
On host and town he turns his sight:
He quails, he trembles at the steel,
Nor knows to fly, nor knows to fight:
Nor to his pleading eyes appear
The car, the sister charioteer.

"The deadly dart Æneas shakes:
His aim with stern precision takes,
Then hurls with all his frame;
Less loud from battering-engine cast
Roars the fierce stone, less loud the blast
Follows the lightning's flame.
On rushes as with whirlwind wings
The spear that dire destruction brings,
Makes passage through the corselet's marge,
And enters the seven-plated targe
Where the last ring runs round.
The keen point pierces through the thigh,
Down on his bent knee heavily
Comes Turnus to the ground."

The Rutulian prince confesses his defeat, and asks his life in no craven spirit, for the sake of his aged father—bidding Æneas think of old Anchises. The conqueror half relents, when his eyes fall upon something which makes that appeal worse than useless.

"Rolling his eyes, Æneas stood,
And checked his sword, athirst for blood.
Now faltering more and more he felt
The human heart within him melt,
When round the shoulder wreathed in pride
The belt of Pallas he espied,
And sudden flashed upon his view
Those golden studs so well he knew,
Which Turnus in his hour of joy
Stripped from the newly-slaughtered boy,
And on his bosom bore, to show
The triumph of a satiate foe.
Soon as his eyes at one fell draught
Remembrance and revenge had quaffed,
Live fury kindling every vein,
He cries with terrible disdain:
'What! in my friend's dear spoils arrayed
To me for mercy sue?
'Tis Pallas, Pallas guides the blade;
From your cursed blood his injured shade
Thus takes the atonement due.'
Thus as he spoke, his sword he drave
With fierce and fiery blow
Through the broad breast before him spread;
The stalwart limbs grow cold and dead;
One groan the indignant spirit gave,
Then sought the shades below."

So closes the Æneid. Does any reader complain that the poet has not carried the story further? With the death of Turnus the catastrophe is complete. The princess of Latium is the prize of the victor; and the loves of Æneas and Lavinia are certainly not of that

romantic character that we need care to follow them. The Trojans are settled in Italy—two races under one name. For so has Jupiter promised, as some indulgence to the feelings of his queen, that the old Latin name shall at least not be merged in the detested name of Trojan, and on such terms has the goddess reluctantly acquiesced in the settlement of the wanderers on Italian ground. Latins, not Trojans, are to rule the world. Thus has the poet combined the indigenous glories of his country with the grand descent of its rulers from the old mythical heroes of Troy.

Yet there is a singular vein of melancholy to be traced in the words of Æneas, when he parts with his son before he goes to his last victory. They are perhaps the noblest words which the poet has put into his mouth, and they have something of the sadness which more or less affects all true nobility:

> "In his mailed arms his child he pressed,
> Kissed through his helm, and thus addressed:
> 'Learn of your father to be great,
> Of others to be fortunate.'"

The old tradition—well known, no doubt, to Virgil's audience and first readers—was that the son, not the father, lived to enjoy the sovereignty of Latium. The hero of many vicissitudes was not held to have settled down into the peaceful rest which he looks forward to, throughout the poet's story, as the end of all his campaigns and wanderings. The Rutulians, so said the legends, would not yet bow to the foreign usurper; and Æneas fought his last battle with them on the banks of the river Numicius, and then, like so many of the favorite heroes of a people, disappeared; either carried, living or dead, by some divine agency, to heaven, or caught away in the arms of the river-god.

Chapter XIV.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The Æneid has two drawbacks to its popularity as an epic poem amongst modern readers. One defect is common to all classical fiction—that there is no love-romance, properly so called, on the part either of the hero or of any other male character in the poem. Love, as now understood, has no place either in Virgil or Homer. We find in their verse none of those finer shades of feeling, that loyal personal allegiance, that high unselfish devotion, the mysterious sympathy, as untranslatable by anything but itself as the most perfect wording of the poet, which, nursed, it has been said, in the lap of Northern chivalry, but surely of much older birth, has given now for centuries to poet and to novelist their highest charm and inspiration. Poets had to sing as they could without it in Virgil's days. Augustus and Octavia, as they listened to the courtly *raconteur*, would have opened their eyes wide with astonishment if he had sung to them of the devotion of Lancelot, as surely as they would have laughed at the purity of Galahad. They understood what love was, in their fashion; many ladies of the court sympathized with Dido, no doubt. They understood well enough "the fury of a woman scorned." They had seen a whole love-poem in real life, with the appropriate tragical *dénouement*, in Antony and Cleopatra. That was their notion of the grand passion. Probably the more shrewd among them looked upon Antony as a fool to prefer "love" to empire, and applauded Æneas's "piety" in obeying the

oracles of the gods, when they pointed to a new wife whose dowry was a kingdom. There was quite love enough in the action of the poem to suit their tastes, and at anything better or purer they would have only shrugged their fair patrician shoulders.

But there is a more serious defect in the interest of the Æneid, when presented to English readers. It is, that Æneas is no hero. All the defences and apologies which have been made for him are perfectly just, and perfectly unnecessary. He was a hero quite good enough for the court of Augustus, and so far quite suitable for Virgil's purpose. Le Bossu was perfectly right when he contended that a hero, to be an object of legitimate interest, need not be a pattern of moral virtues. He might have gone further, and said that such paragons, who are plainly superior to the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, generally make very dull heroes indeed. Undoubtedly Æneas is a dutiful son, a respectable father, and, it may even be admitted, in spite of the unfortunate way in which he lost his wife, an exemplary husband. He spread his palms out to heaven in the most orthodox fashion on all occasions, and listened obediently to the message which the gods were always sending him, to set up his home in Latium at all costs. All these estimable qualities are enough to furnish forth a dozen heroes. He is also ready to fight on all proper occasions; and as to the charge that he is equally ready to weep upon all occasions, which has been brought against him by one set of critics, and excused by others, both might have spared their pens; for it is a weakness which may be charged with equal truth upon most of the heroes, not only of classical fiction, but of classical history. It is not only that the chiefs of the Iliad weep without fearing

any imputation against their manliness, but if we are to trust the unsensational chronicles of Cæsar, the whole rank and file of his army, even the veterans of the tenth legion — the "fighting division"—when first they heard that they were to be led against the tall and truculent-looking Germans, "could not restrain their tears," and set to work to make their wills forthwith. The thing is unaccountable, except from some strange difference of temperament; for who can imagine a company of our veriest raw ploughboy recruits so behaving themselves? They might shake in their very shoes; they might even very probably run away: but crying and howling is not our way of expressing emotion, after childhood is past. But we are accustomed to read of such exhibitions of feeling in the natives of warmer climates, as, for instance, in the characters of Scripture; and an occasional burst of tears on Æneas's part would not have unheroed him in our estimation one whit. It is his desertion of Dido which makes an irredeemable poltroon of him in all honest English eyes. A woman and a queen receives the shipwrecked wanderer with a more than Oriental hospitality; loves him, "not wisely but too well"—and he deserts her. And then Mercury is made to remark, as a reason for Æneas getting away as quickly as possible, that "varium et mutabile semper *fœmina!*" —that the poor *lady's* mood was changeable, forsooth! The desertion is in obedience to the will of the gods, no doubt. That explanation satisfied the critics of Augustus's day, and he was to them, as Virgil calls him, the "pious" Æneas. To the modern reader, such an authorization only makes the treachery more disgusting. The morality of English romance, ancient or modern, is by no means immaculate. Tristram and

Iseult, still more Lancelot and Guinevere, are of very frail clay. The Sir Galahads ride alone; then, now, and always, in fiction as in fact. But a hero who could be false to a woman, and who was to find in that falsehood the turning-point to fame and success, —he might befit the loose tale with which the *rybauder* raised a laugh round the camp-fire, but he was the subject of no lay to which noble knight or dame would listen. The passion might be only *pars amours*, but it must be loyal. To keep such faith, once pledged, the hero might break all other laws, divine or human; but keep it he must. "*Loyaulté passe tout, et faulsseté honnet tout.*" The principle is by no means the highest, but it is incomparably higher than Virgil's. And this makes Lancelot, in spite of his great crime, a hero in one sense, even to the purest mind, while the calculating piety of Æneas is revolting.

The apologetic criticisms of some translators, who have felt themselves bound not only to give a faithful version of their author, but to defend his conception of a hero, are highly entertaining. Dryden, who was said by one of his malicious critics to have written "for the court ladies," admits candidly that he knows they "will make a numerous party against him," and that he "cannot much blame them, for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow;" winding up with a satirical suggestion that they would do well at least "to learn experience at her cost." But in spite of this special pleading, even Dryden cannot conceal from himself that his hero makes but a very poor figure in this part of the story; nor can he resist the humorous remark that he was more afraid of Dido, after all, than of Jupiter. "For you may observe," says he, "that as much intent as he was upon

his voyage, yet he still delayed it until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning." Delille says that Æneas "triumphed over his passions in order to obey the will of heaven;" and forgets to add, that the triumph would have been more complete and more creditable if it had been achieved somewhat earlier in the story. He notices the unfortunate fate of poor Creusa,—left to follow as she might, and never missed till the more fortunate survivors met at the rendezvous,— only to say how necessary it was for the purposes of the story to dispose of her somehow, if there was a new wife awaiting Æneas in Italy; and how the account (his own account) of his affectionate search for her (with the usual tears) must have recommended him to Dido, and excused that poor lady for falling in love with him instantly! Rousseau has more truth in his epigram,— what could Dido expect better from a man who left his lawful wife to be burnt in Troy, and vowed he never missed her? Segrais, very like a Frenchman of the days of Louis XIV., thinks all would have been right if Æneas had but thrown a little more sentiment into the parting, and had bestowed upon Dido a few of those tears which were so ready upon less pathetic occasions.* As to the

* Dido has always been a favorite heroine with Frenchmen, and has been worked up into three or four tragedies. One writer, partly adopting M. Segrais's notion of how things ought to have been—that is to say, how a Frenchman would have behaved himself when such a parting was inevitable—has made Æneas take at least a civil farewell of the injured queen:

"Helas! si de mon sort j'avais ici mon choix,
Bornant à vous aimer le bonheur de ma vie,
Je tiendrais de vos mains un sceptre, une patrie:
Les dieux m'ont envie le seul de leurs bienfaits,
Qui pourait réparer tous les maux qu'ils m'ont faits."

scene in the Shades, where the false lover begins at last to make his tardy excuses and apologies, the French critic fairly throws up his brief for the defence, and contents himself with the suggestion that this was one of those passages in the poem with which Virgil himself was dissatisfied, and which he must certainly have intended to correct. But Æneas has, in fact, little personal character of any kind. He is only what Keble calls him, "a shadow with a mighty name;" and that writer even goes so far as to suggest that in the curse imprecated upon him by Dido, and her treatment of him in the Shades, we may see an intimation that the poet intended the abasement of his hero.*

Turnus will always find more favor in the eyes of modern readers than his rival. Our English sympathies do not run at all with the foreign adventurer who comes between him and his promised bride, and who claims both the lady and the kingdom by virtue of a convenient oracle. Mr. Gladstone's may perhaps be only an ingenious fancy, that Turnus was really the favorite with the poet himself; that although he made Æneas victorious as was required, in order to carry out the complimentary reference of the Roman origin to Troy, still the young chief of native Italian blood, maintaining a

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And Dido, mollified by this declaration, far from cursing the fugitive lover in her last moments, assures him of her unchangeable affection, rather apologizing for having so inconveniently fallen in his way, and delayed him so improperly from Lavinia and his kingdom:

> "Et toi, d'ont j'ai troublée la haute destinée,
> Toi, qui ne m'entends plus—adieux, mon cher Ænée!
> Ne crains point ma colere—elle expire avec moi,
> Et mes derniers soupirs sont encore pour toi!" †

* Prælect., ii. 724.

† Le Franc de Pompignan, "Didon."

gallant struggle for his rights against gods and men, and only conquered at the last by supernatural force and fraud, was purposely held out to popular admiration. But we must, at least, feel sympathy with him as utterly overweighted in the final struggle by the superior strength and immortal arms of his adversary, and the flapping of the Fury's awful wings.

To trace the influence of the Æneid upon modern poetry would require a separate treatise. Spenser is full of Virgil. Tasso's great poem is in many passages the Æneid made Christian, with its heroes transplanted from the days of Troy to those of the Crusades. Dante borrows less from him, though with an intenser reverence he takes him for his "master" and his guide. In his mind, indeed, Virgil seems to have held a place midway, as it were, between the pagan and the Christian life. If Beatrice represents, as has been said, the heavenly "Wisdom," Virgil is, in his allegory, the human intellect at its best and purest, which comes as near heaven as unassisted humanity may; for he is the guide who only quits the Christian poet when he is close to the gates of Paradise.

The "Sortes Virgilianæ" were long in use, often as a fashionable pastime, sometimes in graver earnest: the inquirer opened the volume at random, and took for the answer of fate the first few lines which caught his eye. In the times of the later Roman emperors they ranked among the most popular, and perhaps the least objectionable, of the many superstitious practices which were then so prevalent. The Emperor Severus was said to have been encouraged in his boyhood by the very words which had such an effect on Octavia—"Thou shalt be our Marcellus!" And when subsequently he showed a taste rather for elegant accomplishments than for

military renown, again the "Sortes," consulted for him by his father, gave the well-known lines already quoted,* in which the glory of the Roman is pronounced to be that of the conqueror not of the student or the artist. The superstition held its ground, through the middle ages, down to times very near our own. The story rests upon no mean authority that Charles I. once tried the oracle with a startling result. He was in the Bodleian Library while the Court lay in Oxford, and was there shown a splendid edition of Virgil. Lord Falkland suggested to him sportively that he should try the "Sortes." The lines upon which the king opened are said to have been these, as they stand in Mr. Conington's version:

> "Scourged by a savage enemy,
> An exile from his son's embrace,
> So let him sue for aid, and see
> His people slain before his face:
> Or when to humbling peace at length
> He stoops, be his or life or land,
> But let him fall in manhood's strength,
> And welter tombless on the sand."

It was a gloomy oracle; and Falkland, anxious to remove the impression, tried his own fortune. He lighted on Evander's lament over his son Pallas:

> "I knew the young blood's maddening play,
> The charm of battle's first essay;
> O valor blighted in the flower!
> O first mad drops of war's full shower!"

A few months afterwards Falkland fell at the battle of Newbury, barely thirty-four years old.

There has always been a mystical school of classical

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* P. 111.

interpretation, who see in the Æneid, as in the Iliad and Odyssey, a tissue of allegory from first to last. Not content with identifying the Trojan chief with Augustus, they found a double meaning in every character and every legend in the poem. Bishop Warburton, in his well-known "Divine Legation," expended a great amount of learning and research to prove that in the Descent to the Shades in the sixth book we have a sketch, scarcely veiled, of the great Eleusinian mysteries. Others saw in Dido the love-passion and the fate of Cleopatra, Antony in Turnus, the flight of Marius to the marshes in the person of Sinon, the miserable end of Pompey in Priam—

"The head shorn off, the trunk without a name."

It is impossible to enjoy either Homer or Virgil if their text is to be "improved" at every step after this sort. Augustus and Octavia looked to the poet for a tale of the olden time, and he told it well. No doubt he threw in graceful compliments to Rome and its ruler; but to have to guess at some hidden meaning all along would have been far too severe a tax on the imperial audience, and would certainly not heighten the enjoyment of modern readers.

One would be glad to know what was the view that was really taken by that profligate court on the one hand, and by the poet himself on the other, of the theological machinery of the poem; those powerful and passionate Genii who pull the wires of the human puppets to gratify their own preferences and hatreds, and are themselves the slaves of an awful Fate which overrides them all. Wherever Justice had fled from the earth, as the legend ran, in those pagan days, she had not found refuge in heaven. The human virtues

which Virgil gives his heroes were no copies of anything celestial. Such lessons as the "gods" taught were chiefly perfidy and revenge. For men of intellect and of a pure life—and such is credibly said to have been Virgil's—the only salvation lay in utter unbelief of such a creed; or, at most, a stoical submission to that Unknown Fate which ruled all things human and divine. But even when the forms and creeds of religion had become a mockery, the rule of right, however warped, was recognized—in fiction, if not in fact: and Virgil, though for some reason he declined to paint the true hero at full length, has enabled us to pick out his component parts from his sketches of a dozen characters.

THE END.

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